V18:12

SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CITY-ON-A-HILL

University of California, Santa Cruz — 21 January, 1982 — Volume 15, Issue 12

which I was admitted more out of compassion for my condition as a wounded war veteran than on the basis of college grades) a long study proposal was made to determine the best basis for admitting graduate students to that *sanctum sanctorum* of academe, and the results indicated that grades were *the least reliable predictor of graduate performance.*

Well, the [illegible] academics say [illegible] part of [illegible] standards." With letter g[illegible] people a[illegible] to think [illegible] you have lo[illegible]ed your [illegible]ndards. Stan[illegible]s, standard[illegible]ndards—I've heard all of them by academic [illegible]ance [illegible] that th[illegible] prated most about standards, like people who talked about virtue, were themselves most suspect. Or at least their standards weren't mine. They were given to boasting of how many students they had flunked in this course or that as evidence of their toughness and their "standards," as though the business of teachers was failing students. And, in the next breath, how little time or attention they gave to their

The arguments for and against letter grades are both practical and philisophical. The practical arguements for grades are the easiest to dispose of. The are generally that professional schools and graduate schools need (or require) letter grades for admission to advanced degree work. Therefore students at places like UCSC without letter grades have particular difficulties getting into graduate and professional schools.

This is simply not the case. This battle has been fought and won lo[illegible]. At first some graduate schools were reluctant t[illegible] students from Santa Cruz and a few refused [illegible] the vast majority came around when they [illegible]derstanding of the value of the eva[illegible]ame to prefer evaluations to the [illegible] on the grounds that they reveal [illegible]nation about the students. The [illegible] of UCSC students have gone [illegible]

The impasse in the road leading out is visible early. It can be seen in microcosm on a short drive from the brightly [illegible] deep[illegible] [illegible] deeper[illegible] deepseated objections [illegible] philosophical or moral objections which, I believe, really underlie the attack on the narrative evaluation system. American higher education is based on what I call the Puritan-Darwinian model, a combination of the exalting aspects of those two [illegible] American [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] Puritan [illegible] [illegible] assumed to be strengthening "character" and second Darwinian, that life is a bitter competitive struggle in which [illegible] subscribes to the aforementioned doctrines expects colleges and universities to reflect those principles in their education and so, of course, they do. Letter grades, distributed along a famous curve believed by many to have the immutability of the law of gravity, are simply the academic manifestation of the law of survival of the fittest. Some students must be "better" than other students. Higher education should be concerned primarily with identifying and "grading" students like government-inspected beef so that the consumer—the corporate employer or whomever—won't be defrauded. That is the American way. Success for the "A's" or survival, survival for the "B's", marginal existence for the standards are only too often the last refuge of failed teachers.

That doesn't, of course, exhaust the arguments for grades. Closely related to the "standards" argument is the "coercive" argument—students won't work unless the threat of grades is held over them. Really? I have never had that problem. Students have worked and slurked under both systems and, in my experience, done far less slurking under the narrative evaluation system.

Enough of the arguments *against* narrative evaluation. What of the [illegible] *for*? Well, first and foremost changes [illegible] sphere of the classro[illegible] [illegible] operat[illegible] [illegible] patriot[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it didn't do [illegible] justify itself. In [illegible] experience of teaching [illegible] conveying [illegible]

it as they watched TV or fell asleep.

But social and psychological dangers are more wide-[illegible] director of the San Juan Bautista Child Development Center on the east side, one of the largest in the county with 250 children in a subsidized program and a waiting list of hundreds. When older [illegible] brothers and [illegible] themselves," he [illegible] down [illegible] carts and [illegible] themselves [illegible] appear as a youngster's life much too soon."

[illegible] of the few government-funded centers here where teenage mothers can be provided with infant and child care as they complete high school, a counselor noted that many of the girls in the center were themselves born to mothers of 16 or 17. Irene Sterling, director of San Jose's Young Families Program, said such programs try "to break the cycle" by helping recent high school graduates find jobs that will enable them to put their children in licensed day-care centers.

"There are kids who do make it," said Sterling, "but they aren't the ones who are pulled out of school as nine-year-[illegible] to watch babies."

Sometimes it seems as though the kids in San Jose—the fastest growing city in the United States, according to the 1980 census figures—live on two different planets, instead of two sides of the same town.

In a central city neighborhood where Spanish is the language of the streets and parents generally bring home [illegible] checks from dead-end jobs, half the teenagers drop out of [illegible] school and 50 percent of youngsters between the ages [illegible] and 17 travel through the Juvenile Probation De-[illegible]

Me[illegible] the p[illegible]side home, a 37-year-old St[illegible] University [illegible] can watch his 7- and 9-[illegible] play table ten[illegible] wonder the meaning of [illegible]

[illegible] bike I had to sell more [illegible] newspapers or [illegible] shoes," he said. "But denying my kids things would be hypocrinical.... They already have a handle on the system, and they'll go to school and just won't have to [illegible] material limitations."

[illegible] "I could get a better job, but then what would [illegible] with [illegible] kids?"

[illegible] enrolled in an [illegible] electronics industry training [illegible] [illegible]ically, should she [illegible] a job in Silicon Valley, [illegible] more than 75 percent of t[illegible] assembly line workers are [illegible] women, her child-care pr[illegible] could be worse. While [illegible] compa[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]enities such as tennis [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Friday [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CITY ON A HILL

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NEWS

SEXUAL ORIENTATION DISCRIMINATION: Austin, Texas voters defeated a proposed city ordinance, last Saturday, that would have been the nation's first muinicipal law supporting housing discrimination against homosexuals, by a vote of 36,239 to 20,997. The measure would have made housing discrimination on the basis of "sexual orientation" legal in the city of 346,000. Austin Citizens for Democracy petitioned for the ordinance saying they wanted to protect children and decide on whether to give "special privileges to sodomites." Citizens for a United Austin, along with fifty clergymen, led the opposition to the ordinance saying it was unconstitutional and would lead to invasion of privacy and widespread housing discrimination.

NEXT TIME, TRY MORTARS: Five antiquated Soviet anti-tank rockets were fired Monday evening at a French breeder reactor under construction outside of Lyon late Monday night. French officials reported minor damage to the 1200-megawatt facility, including a four-inch deep gouge in the reactor's yard-thick walls. The French news agency *France-Presse* said it got a phone message from an ecology group claiming responsibility for the attack on the plant. Plant construction manager Maurice Baberger said that one of the shells, which dated back to the early 1960s, landed twenty meters from a worker at the plant. As the plant was stil under construction, no radioactive materials were leaked.

YIPES!: In a related story, the ecology group Greenpeace claimed responsibility for some 2000 posters distributed over the Northern California area. The posters, which sported a two-foot wide radiation symbol and the words "Alert! In case of an Accident, this area is a radioactive zone. For information on evacuation plans, call (916) 445-2345." The number, which is the public line to Governor Brown's office, was plagued by phone calls during this last weekend. The point of the poster was, of course, that there no evacuation plans in case of a nuclear accident; this new Greenpeace campaign was directed against a Department of Transportation edict, HM-164, which goes into effect next month. The regulation will permit the federal government to pre-empt local ordinances against the transportation of radioactive materials through communities. The governor's office had no comment on the poster campaign.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT MONEY CAN BUY: The Heritage Foundation, a conservative research house, is mailing out fundraising letters offering potential donors a chance to meet with top White House officials if they contribute at least a thousand dollars. In a mailing that began last month, the non-profit, tax-exempt organization has asked some 5000 potential donors to join "the President's club," for meetings with "the most senior members of the administration and Congress." The appeal for money is accompanied by a letter on White House stationary from top Presidential advisor Ed Meese, who endorses the organization, which he calls "a vital communications link" between Reagan and his constituents. Heritage Foundation director Edwin Feulner Jr. claimed in an interview that "Meese doesn't say to give money to the foundation; he's endorsing the program, much as I suppose he endorses the alumni program at his university, because it's something he believes in."

Here's Dicky: According to television producer Jim Devany, reels of film shot during the Nixon administration by former White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman will be made into a TV documentary.

The 27 hours of film shot with a super 8mm camera, include scenes of Nixon's historic trip to China and footage from Key Biscayne, Florida, where top aides were informed that government officials were being wiretapped.

Haldeman, who has carefully avoided the public eye since he finished serving 18 months in prison for his role in Watergate, will narrate the six-hour series.

It's a Living: In a related story, Governor Brown, who had been hosting a number of call-in radio shows all over the state, was forced to cancel his engagements because of a ruling by the Federal Elections Committee.

The committee reports that because Brown's unofficial campaign for the California Senate has raised $1.8 million, his broadcasts amount to little more than a free publicity gimmick.

The radio stations, which had previously shrugged off such criticism in light of Brown's ability to attract listeners, finally succumbed to pressure, but the lame-duck governor's banishment from talk shows may not be permanent. From time to time, Brown has said that he so enjoys playing talk-show host that he may take it up as a full-time job if he loses the Senate race.

Fashion Plate: Sheila Tate, press secretary to Mrs. Reagan, said last week that the style-conscious first lady is accepting thousands of dollars worth of clothing loaned by American designers.

The press secretary refused, however, to say how many items of clothing Mrs. Reagan has received as gifts or loans, or how much they are worth. Designer ensembles range in price from $100 to more than $10,000. The first lady relies almost exclusively on a few designers, including Bill Blass, James Galanos and Adolfo.

"This has done nothing but benefit the [fashion] industry," Tate insisted. "She has derived no personal benefit."

Qu'il-y-a Fait?: Lieutenant Colonel Charles Ray, 43, the assistant military attache of the US embassy, was murdered by a lone gunman in Paris on Monday. The killing came just five weeks after a strikingly similar, but unsuccessful, attempt on the life of the embassy's second-ranking diplomat, Christian Chapman. Along with the abduction of Brigadier General James Dozier in Italy, the assassination of Ray focused attention once more on the safety of American military and diplomatic personnel abroad.

Secretary of State Alexander Haig said immediately after the attempt to kill Chapman that Washington had indications Libyan assassination squads were behind it. But Paris police have not reported finding any clues in that attack.

The Right Stuff: In what was described as the worst single accident in the history of the precision military flying team, The Thunderbirds, four T-38 Talon jets, dove into the Nevada desert floor and burst into flames Monday night. The pilots of all four planes were killed.

The four planes were practicing a "line abreast loop" maneuver when the mishap occurred. Two witnesses reported seeing the jets hit the ground, one after the other, side by side. It brought to 18 the number of Thunderbird aviators killed since the group was formed in 1953.

Better Red Now Dead: Red Smith, the Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the New York *Times*, died last week. He was 76.

A newspaperman for 54 years, Smith was selected five times as the nation's best sports writer by his peers. In 1971, he was the first sports writer to win the Pulitzer for commentary. He was cited for the "erudition" and "literary quality" of his column, which appeared four times a week and was syndicated to 500 newspapers worldwide.

Smith was particularly interested in horse racing and boxing and also liked writing about the outdoors. *Times* Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal said Smith "embodied the spirit, vigor and youth of sports."

ABSENCE OF MALICE: Headline in the San Francisco *Chronicle,* Tuesday, January 19: "Why Bengals' Helmets Are So Ugly—see page 14."

FIRST CHICANO APPOINTED TO CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT: Despite vigorous opposition from conservative law enforcement interests, former Appeals Court Justice Cruz Reynoso was approved yesterday by a 2-1 margin as the first Chicano to sit on the California Supreme Couirt. He replaces Justice Mathew Tobriner, one of the nation's leading liberal judges, who is retiring after 20 years of Supreme Court service.

Justice Reynoso, the soft-spoken son of Southern California farm workers, has been the object of considerable controversy ever since Governor Brown nominated him last month. While unanimously applauded for his personal dignity and courtesy on the bench, he has been sharply criticized by organizations of district attorneys, police chiefs and sheriffs for alledged "bias" in favor of criminal defendents and the poor.

Chief Justice Rose Bird and senior Court of Appeals Justice Lester Roth joined together in support of Reynoso's nomination, leaving state Attorney General George Deukmejian as the only opposing member of the Commisssion on Judicial Appointments.

This came as no surprise, as Deukmejian, who is running a "Law and Order" campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, made it clear in an unflattering letter last week that he disagrees with Justice Reynoso's judicial philosophy.

Nursing home pickets

The wages of caring

"A strike is when everybody doesn't come to work. Not one of our employees has been on the picket line.

by Richard Rubin

Beverly Manor nursing home in Live Oak has been the scene of a picket line since Wednesday, January 13, as members of the Hospital and Institutional Workers Union and their supporters protest what they feel are low wages and poor working conditions.

"We're describing it [the picketing] as a nuisance," said Nancy Kulas of Beverly Enterprises, the owners of Beverly Manor. With 55,000 beds nationwide, Beverly Enterprises is one of the country's largest convalescent chains, reaping 12 million dollars in profit last year. "A strike is when everybody doesn't come to work," said Kulas, implying that there is no strike. "Not one of our employees has been on the picket line."

"That's only logical," responded Tim McCormick, business manager of union Local 250, "when people are hired there to break any strike."

Though the workers voted in November to strike, picketing did not begin until January 13. In the meantime, almost all of the workers voting to strike have quit working at Beverly. McCormick attributes this to Beverly's normal turnover rate of 500 percent annually.

While admitting that waiting to begin the strike was a mistake, he explains that the union was seeking a cooling-off period for more negotiations and that they didn't want to cause extra hardships for the patients during the already difficult holiday season.

McCormick believes that Beverly used this time as an opportunity to hire anti-union employees, although such a charge is hard to prove.

"We have ex-employees and ex-patients on the picket line," he said. "And we have received support from the Santa Cruz Labor Council and the Santa Cruz County bus drivers. If we give up now, all the limited gains that we've accomplished over the past four years that we [the union] have been in there will quickly be eroded away."

McCormick feels that the high turnover rate will eventually turn against Beverly and that the non-striking employees there now will eventually be replaced by pro-strike workers.

The union has three goals for Beverly Manor: increased wages, improved working conditions, and better patient care.

Wages now start at $3.55 an hour; Beverly is offering to increase that by 10 cents. More important for the union is the setting of a standard staff-patient ratio, instead of the arbitrary system in effect today.

"The aides are victims of the system, just as the patients are... Why you can't get a person to dig a ditch for you for $3.65 an hour."

"They [Beverly] also want to have forced overtime," McCormick said. "This is absurd. The place is already understaffed and the people overworked."

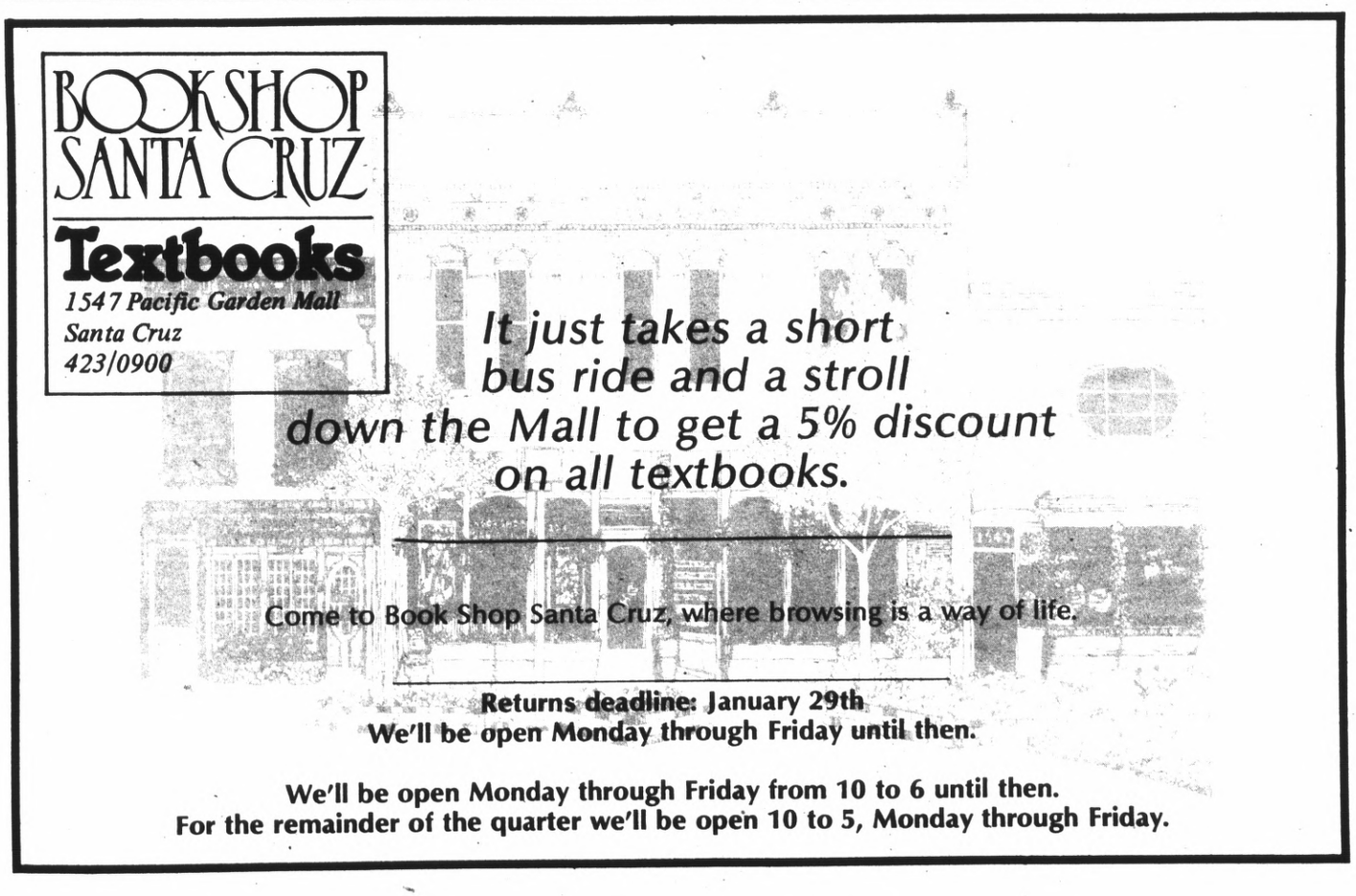
Mary Wheeler of the League for Nursing Home Reform (which has not yet had time to officially endorse the picket line) agrees. "The aides are victims of the system, just as the patients are. The lack of a living wage brings about this high turnover rate, which leads to poor care for residents. Why, you can't get a person to dig a ditch for you for $3.65 an hour."

The Grey Panthers of Santa Cruz have endorsed the picket line and one of the members, Al Rowe, has been out there walking. "I don't want to overdramatize the situation", he said, "But some of the things that go on there are unbelievable."

Beverly Manor formerly operated as Capitola Extended Care and was owned by Bel-Cor, Inc. Repeated health violations finally forced the state to revoke Medicaid certification and to threaten to close down all of Bel-Cor's homes by December, 1980. One month before the deadline, Beverly bought Bel-Cor. As the new owners, Beverly had no obligation to settle any of the claims against Bel-Cor. At the same time, most management and administrative personnel at Capitola Extended Care were kept on at Beverly Manor.

Tim McCormick feels that "Beverly is very conscious that Capitola Extended Care had a union, which could and did act as a watchdog and complain of health care violations.

"Absolutely nothing has changed," he adds, "but the people who sign the checks and who makes the profits." ✓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King Day speech

Bond lashes at Reagan's slashes

by Esther Williams

In an un-compromising attack on the Reagan administration, Julian Bond, civil rights activist and Georgia state legislator, displayed the courage and conviction which earned him a national reputation as a civil rights leader in the late '50s and '60s.

Bond spoke to a crowd of several hundred at the civic auditorium in Santa Cruz last Saturday during a celebration of the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr. which was sponsored by the local chapter of the NAACP.

Bond was a friend of the late Dr. King and a founder of one of the most powerful civil rights organizations in the South, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Bond has held elected office in Georgia a as a member of the Georgia House of Representatives and as a state senator a total of 16 years.

Bond criticized the administration most strongly in the area of civil rights, claiming that Reagan was trying to "erase the civil rights gained during the last two decades." He said that the administration was "attempting to roll back the clock until it becomes a sundial."

Bond, one of the members of Klanwatch, an organization devoted to study and eradication of the Ku Klux Klan, said that membership in the Klan has increased 25 percent over the past two years, while voter registration and voter turnout have decreased, especially among Blacks.

"On October 28, 1980, then-candidate Reagan asked the public to ask themselves if they were better off than four years ago," said Bond. "After just one year of the presidency, that question has to be asked again.

"If you earn more than $100,000 a year, the answer definitely will be yes," he replied.

But for the majority of Americans, claimed Bond, the answer is a resounding no.

"We must say no to the elimination of those programs that sustain life for the poor," he continued. "We must say no to the tax advantages to the wealthy. We must say no to $1,000 china place settings."

Bond also attacked Reagan's right-to-life policies, saying, "President Reagan believes that life begins at conception and ends at birth."

He pointed out the contradictions in the Reagan administration supports labor unions in Poland but "crushes them in Washington."

The 1982 elections hold the key for change, claimed Bond. He told the audience that constituencies in every part of the country were fragmented, and needed organization in order to have an effect on the elections and send a message to Washington. He said that the needs of Americans in the '60s are still present today, and exhorted the crowd to "lead the people into the streets" once again.

The audience gave Bond a standing ovation as he concluded his speech with the words from a song of the civil rights movement: "We shall overcome."

"We must say no to tax advantages to the wealthy. We must say no to $1,000 china place settings."

The celebration of King's birthday also included speeches by Santa Cruz supervisor Gary Patton, local NAACP president Jimy Meredith-Griffin and Oakes College Provost Herman Blake.

Before the speeches the crowd danced and sang along with Somethin' Special as they performed "Happy Birthday," a Stevie Wonder song dedicated to Martin Luther King's birthday. ✓

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After the flood

Aid takes many forms

by Alex Raksin

When Gail and Bill Randall set out Sunday to secure a low-interest loan to fix their flood-damaged appliances, they thought their chances were slim at best.

"We had heard that the Red Cross still was only helping the people who needed clothes and food," Gail said. "And even though our whole lifestyle was virtually brought to a halt by all the problems, our friends kept telling us a broken water heater was unimportant compared to everything else that's happened in Santa Cruz County."

But at the makeshift flood assistance center in the Veterans Building on Front and Mission, the Randalls were told that their problem was typical of those now being handled by the center.

"We've pretty much taken care of the major flood victims by now," said Bill Pickford, vice-chairperson of the Red Cross disaster team in Santa Cruz. "Our housing and food shelters are closed down now, except for those feeding the volunteers who are shoveling mud in order to prevent more slides."

The walls of the Veterans Building are now lined with tables for various financial assistance programs. Most of the financial aid is being coordinated through the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), established here last week to lessen bureaucratic tangles. FEMA, in turn, is directing victims to tables for Social Security, the Small Business Administration, and other organizations providing low-interest loans.

The Red Cross continues to staff an emergency assistance table, though volunteers are reporting very light work loads. For those who are still without clothing, the Red Cross is continuing to provide $95 vouchers good for purchases at "most Santa Cruz stores," according to Pickford. And to distribute clothing and furniture, a cooperative effort has been set up by the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and the Seventh Day Adventists.

"The volunteers have just come out of the woodwork," said Pickford. "Last week, we had at least thirty to forty volunteers working in the Veterans Building. We've even had volunteers hitchhike up from LA."

With the flow of victims ebbing, however, the Red Cross is now diverting its effort to more preventative measures. Four "service centers" have been set up in the San Lorenzo Valley to store food in case major storms hit Santa Cruz later this season.

"If Boulder Creek and Lompico become isolated again this season," speculated Red Cross Food Coordinator David Harris, "they should be okay. We've now got food and water stored there and we're working to establish radio links with our service centers in the San Lorenzo Valley."

But even more Red Cross volunteers are now needed to help place sandbags around potential slide areas in Boulder Creek, Ben Lomond, and Felton, Harris said. The Love Creek area, he added, is still too unstable for clean-up efforts to begin.

"Right now, we're trying to work out the long-range situation, to help stabilize the area and the people's lifestyles," Harris said.

"Very few people were prepared for a disaster like this," said Pickford. "Earthquake and flood insurance, for instance, is relatively cheap, but this is just not something people expected to happen."

"Most people walk around thinking it's safe here," said Liz Thayer, executive director of the Family Service Association in Santa Cruz. "They don't realize how quickly their lifestyle can be uprooted."

To help flood victims cope with this uprooting, the association is holding a workshop today at 7 pm at the Santa Cruz office of the Family Service Association.

"People have been reacting to the disaster in a variety of ways—some with shock and passive acceptance of what's happened, then anger at why this *had* to happen. Some also experience a kind of euphoria at being in a different situation, but that fades when they return to the chores of clearing up their lives.

"Irritability is even cropping up—some of my counselors who were affected by the flood started bickering with their husbands. Then again, this can work in the end to bring couples closer together."

Thayer said her workshop will try to help people find new foundations. "What the victims need to do now is to get a little bit up in the air, to a situation where they can make changes in their life." ✓

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"The TWANAS struggles reveal that UCSC students will do their utmost for what they believe in."

The TWANAS Agreement: Promises Made; Promises Broken?

by Paul McGarry

Presently, due to the meager results of affirmative action policies, only a small percentage of students attending UCSC are of Third World or Native American descent. Equally dismal is the limited number of Third World and Native American faculty. If students had failed to respond to the administration's plan to fire Ed Castillo last spring, UCSC would have lost its only Native American Studies (NAS) instructor, and perhaps other Third World courses and faculty as well.

The firing of Ed Castillo was more than an administrative decision to lay off a temporary lecturer whose three-year contract had expired. It was also an attempt to eliminate what the administration believed to be a marginal part of the university curriculum—one that lacked the active support of any high-level administrator or tenured faculty member.

For many Third World and Native American students, however, the firing of Ed Castillo warned of future cutbacks in all Third World-related courses and faculty positions. The administration's plan was to "integrate" and "consolidate," suggesting fewer faculty positions and less curricular independence for Third World and Native American Studies (TWANAS) programs.

Hence, the dismissal notice Dean of Humanities Helene Moglen sent to Ed Castillo last year created grave concern and urgent requests for clarification from Third World and Native American students who had contributed much effort toward the development of ethnic studies on campus. Student groups such as the Inter-Tribal Student Alliance and the Asian American Student Alliance (AASA) began to meet and correspond with Dean Moglen, Chancellor Sinsheimer, and Academic Vice Chancellor Marcum, demanding an explanation for Castillo's termination.

On March 5, 1981, over 40 AASA members met with Marcum to learn whether the administration would fully commit itself to maintaining courses presently offered in Native American and Asian/Pacific American Studies. The administration's explanation was that it would continue to fund the Asian American courses on a temporary basis but that economics, namely the lack of UC systemwide teaching allocations (FTEs), prevented them from making any permanent commitments.

Sensing the delicacy of the situation, Marcum decided to "pull back" all funding allocated to the Humanities Division for the NAS classes. Requesting advice on the matter from the Interdisciplinary Studies Committee, Marcum asked the committee to approve the reinstatement of Castillo and the NAS classes for one year, allowing time for a more careful assessment of student needs in regard to NAS.

By that time, various student groups had already convened to discuss plans for an organized effort to save NAS and other ethnic studies courses from possible demise. Uniting as the Third World and Native American Student (TWANAS) Support Coalition, this student group planned and organized a rally and march to take place on April 8 to protest 11 years of administrative insensitivity to Third World student needs on campus.

Meanwhile, tension and confusion over the NAS termination mounted when TWANAS published a special insert in *City on a Hill.*

The Committee on American Studies sent a letter to both Marcum and Moglen expressing concern for the future of the NAS courses, which had been listed as American Studies course offerings.

"The firing of Ed Castillo warned of cutbacks in all Third World-related courses and faculty."

On April 8, 600 students assembled and marched through the entire UCSC campus. gram," including the hiring of full-time, tenure-track faculty in both Asian American and Native American Studies and support for the Third World Teaching Resource Center. Students gave the administration one week to respond.

The rally on April 8 also drew coverage from both KSBW Channel 8 Salinas and the Santa Cruz *Sentinel.*

On April 14, the campus administration released a public statement with the heading "Initiatives by the UC Santa Cruz administration concerning Third World Studies."

Take a Stand on the Bus

The proposed transit fee increase will be the subject of a student referendum to be held from February 15 to February 19. Background information can be found in the January 14 City on a Hill "Campus Clips" section.

Further information is available from the Campus Activities Office in the Redwood Building, x2934. Call or come by.

There will be much talk about the referendum over the next few weeks. The Campus Activities Office is encouraging students to submit pro & con arguments to be included with the ballot.

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City on a Hill's "Hall of Halides" (a special supplement of local photography) will be published February 11. Entries for the "Hall of Halides" will be received at the Stonehouse (near the UCSC main entrance) between **January 25 and 29.** Remember to submit photographs of Santa Cruz or the UCSC campus that are printed on paper no smaller than 5 x 7 or larger than 16 x 20. Then fill out an entry form. It's easier to get published than you might think.

Because it was not signed by any member of the administration, however, the TWANAS Support Coalition rejected the statement as a mere press release.

The TWANAS group planned another rally which was held on April 20 outside the chancellor's office at McHenry. At this rally, TWANAS announced that 25 of its delegates would remain camped outside the library and conduct a hunger strike until the administration recognized their seriousness and responded with sincerity to their demands.

The hunger strikers succeeded in getting daily news coverage from Salinas to San Jose. But they suffered from lack of nutrition as well as from harrassment by college pranksters.

After three days of meetings between student representatives and the administration, the TWANAS issue was unresolved. At this time, Chancellor Sinsheimer and Dean Moglen excused themselves from the negotiating tables in order to attend meetings on the east coast, leaving Academic Vice Chancellor John Marcum to settle the dispute.

On the same day, the entire Third World faculty at UCSC united in support of the hunger strikers and their demands.

Finally, on the fifth morning of the strike, the administration acceded to all but one of the students' demands. The official "Statement of Understanding concerning Third World and Native American Studies" was signed by Vice Chancellor Marcum and Kathy Hattori, who represented TWANAS.

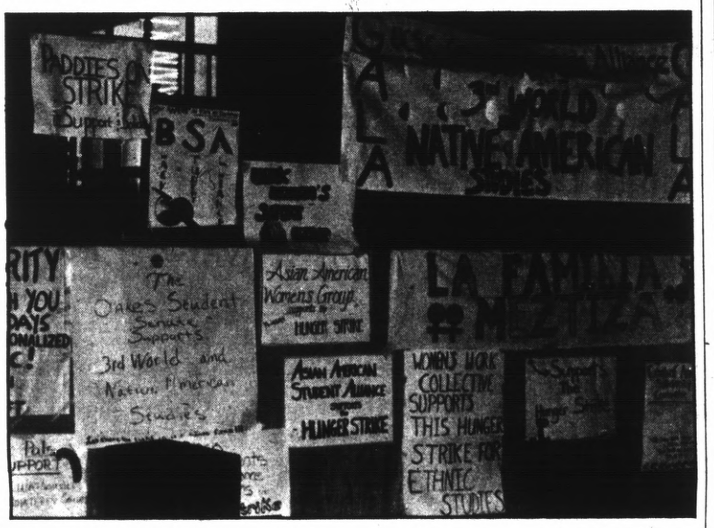
The success of the hunger strike was the first significant commitment by the UCSC administration to a Third World and Native American Studies program. As part of the agreement, Ed Castillo was reappointed for the 1981-82 academic year, contingent upon a successful personnel review, which took place this past summer. Castillo's chances for permanent hiring are still uncertain.

Furthermore, although a steering committee comprised of Third World faculty, staff, and students has prepared a proposal for establishing a Committee on Third World and Native American Studies, future systemwide budget cuts threaten the plan.

According to John Isbister, the Assistant to the Academic Vice Chancellor and the chair of the Interdisciplinary Studies Committee, the present 2 percent cut is "no immediate danger" to the TWANAS agreement. In the long run, however, Isbister noted that future cuts in UCSC funding would suggest a strategy of economizing and sharing resources that "might affect" the conditions of the administration's pledge in the TWANAS agreement.

The history of TWANAS struggles and the culmination of those struggles in last year's dramatic hunger strike reveal that students at UCSC will do their utmost to work towards what they believe in.

Now the results of their struggles depend upon the actions and decisions of campus administrators. It is time for the administrators to prove that they are, in fact, committed to Third World and Native American Studies. Their committment can only be demonstrated by following through fully with the agreement made with students to begin the establishment of Third World and Native American Studies at UCSC. ✓



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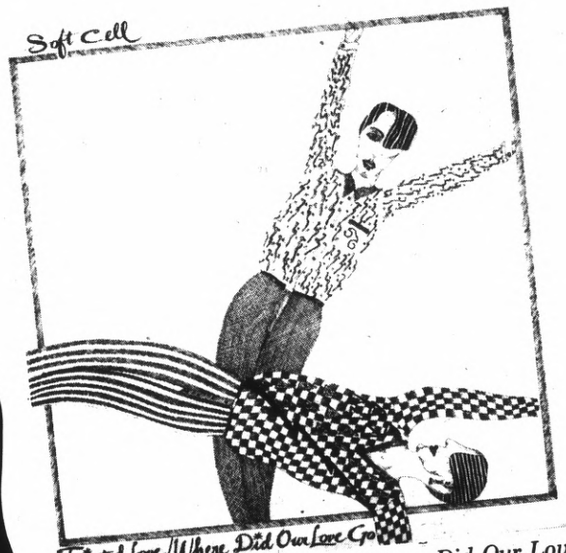

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On Company Business:

Two Ex-CIA Agents Ply Their Trade

by John Dinges and Saul Landau

The key government witness in the criminal case against two former CIA agents accused of providing terrorist training and equipment to Libya has alleged in an interview that the same agents sold banned weapons and electronic devices to the Chilean secret police in 1976 with the knowledge of senior CIA officials.

The witness, Kevin P. Mulcahy, is a former CIA employee himself and former business associate of the two fugitive ex-agents who have been under indictment since April 1980. Mulcahy said that he attended a July 1976 meeting in a Washington townhouse in which Colonel Manuel Contreras, head of Chile's intelligence service, DINA, discussed his need for handguns, sophisticated electronic security equipment and a small ballpoint pen-like device capable of firing a single .22-caliber round or a pellet of poison.

The meeting was organized, Mulcahy said, by Frank E. Terpil, who along with Edwin P. Wilson has been the focus of a Justice Department investigation into the transfer of explosives, timers, night-vision equipment, and commando training to Libyan leader Muammar Khadafy. Wilson and Terpil, who left the CIA in 1971, were indicted in April 1980 by a Washington, DC, federal grand jury for their alleged illegal supply operation to Libya.

In addition, Terpil has been convicted in absentia in New York for selling machine guns to undercover police detectives. He was indicted again this month for alleged illegal supply operations beginning in 1977 to Uganda's deposed strongman, Idi Amin.

Mulcahy's account of the supply contract to Chile for the first time broadens the scope of Wilson and Terpil's alleged terrorist supply activities beyond the two radical African nations to include the anticommunist police agency in Chile.

The timing of Contreras' meeting in Washington, which Mulcahy recalls took place in early July, also is significant for another crime, the assassination in Washington on September 21, 1976, of exiled Chilean opposition leader Orlando Letelier. According to extensive evidence uncovered in the federal investigation, Contreras had set that assassination plot in motion in Chile in the last week of June, just prior to his alleged trip to Washington.

A federal grand jury indicted Contreras for allegedly ordering the car bombing that killed Letelier and an American woman, Ronni Moffitt, on Washington's Massachusetts Avenue, but the government of Chile has rejected US requests for his extradition.

The Mulcahy account also is significant because he said he believed he, Wilson, and Terpil were working with the full knowledge and cooperation of the CIA. In previous interviews, Mulcahy has said that he got that impression because of Wilson's close association with Theodore G. Shackley, the No. 2 man in the CIA's clandestine service at the time, and with Thomas Clines, the CIA's training chief at the time. Both agents also have been named by another government witness, Douglas M. Schlacter, as having endorsed Wilson and Terpil's alleged involvement in terrorism training in Libya.

The CIA has consistently denied any institutional recognition of Wilson and Terpil's operations and has produced evidence that it notified Justice Department and FBI officials immediately upon learning of their allegedly illegal activities overseas.

But top CIA officials who have investigated the Wilson-Terpil case have conceded that the so-called "rogue" operation was able to flourish because of close relationships that continued between the former agents and active-duty CIA officials.

Mulcahy's account of the Chilean arms transaction was confirmed by documents drawn up for the sale and obtained by the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. These documents included invoices and bills of sale drawn up by one of Wilson and Terpil's companies, Inter-Technology, Inc. The purchaser, listed on the document as Renato Sepulveda R. of Universal Export Co. in Santiago, was identified by federal investigators as a suspected DINA front organization in Chile.

The sale to Chile of arms and intelligence equipment, such as that listed on the invoices and described by Mulcahy, was prohibited by legislation passed earlier in 1976 in response to denunciations of human rights violations by Chile's military government.

Mulcahy said Terpil brought him and another business associate, a former naval intelligence officer, to the meeting on a rainy Friday afternoon in a northwest Washington House on R street that he said looked like "a typical CIA safehouse." He was introduced to a heavyset man identified as "Manny" Contreras Sepulveda and a second Chilean who acted as interpreter and whose name he does not recall.

Terpil was "deferential" to Contreras, Mulcahy said. "I had seen Frank slap heads of state on the back, but with this guy he was downright respectful, and kept his voice down."

Contreras, Mulcahy said, wanted to discuss the details of an "integrated security system"—a variety of devices to secure an embassy or government office. They described to him items they could supply, such as card readers, pinhole cameras, telephone bugging devices, and digital scanners to monitor telex traffic.

A purchase order signed by Mulcahy lists what federal investigators believe was the equipment ordered by the Chileans. Among the items were "trans-ceivers," "wireless inductor earphones" and "micro-mini microphones"—all used in surveillance and bugging. The sale came to $66,089.

Mulcahy said Contreras also wanted to arrange purchase of Colt "Cobra" handguns, an easily concealable, high-quality revolver that can be fitted with a silencer. A "pro forma invoice," dated July 8, 1976, describes the terms of sale of 1,000 Colt Cobras and one million rounds of ammunition to Universal Export, with payment of $366,089 in letters of credit to Inter-Technology, the Wilson-Terpil firm of which Mulcahy was president.

Another topic of the meeting, Mulcahy said, was the device known in the clandestine arms trade as a "Parker"—an assassination weapon disguised as a push-button pen. The device, which is not mentioned in any of the documents, is capable of firing a single .22-caliber bullet "across a lunch table," Mulcahy said, and can be made lethal by loading the Projectile with cyanide compound or other poisons. ✓

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Pacific News Service correspondent John Dinges specializes in national security issues. Saul Landau is a freelance writer affiliated with the Washington-based TransNational Institute. Together they recently wrote Assassination on Embassy Row, *the story of the Letelier murders.*

The key government witness in the case against the renegade agents believes that Wilson and Terpil's illegal arms sales were conducted with the full cooperation of the CIA.

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Friday:
Women's Editor, 3 pm
Campus Editor, 4 pm
City Editor, 5 pm

Saturday:
Production Asst., 3 pm
Circulation Mgr., 4:30 pm
Typesetter, 5:30 pm

Applicants should bring samples of work to the City on a Hill office, located at the base of campus.

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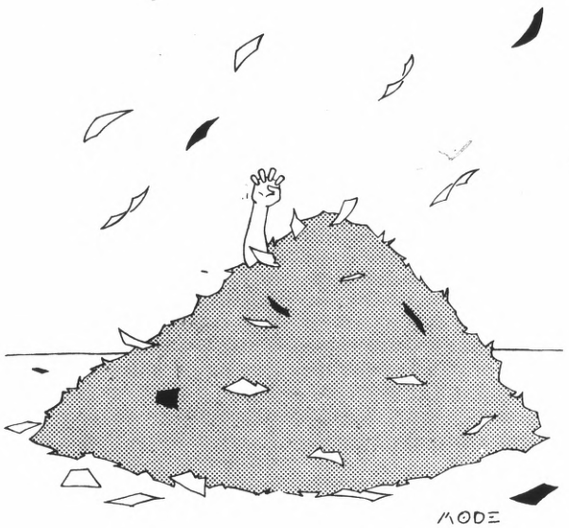

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CITY CLIPS

Carpenter Could Get Death

If David Carpenter, the accused "Trailside Killer," is convicted of murder in his upcoming trial, he could be sentenced to the death penalty, Santa Cruz County Superior Court Judge Roland Hall decided on Monday. Carpenter, a 51-year old printer from San Francisco, is charged with the murder of UC Davis student Ellen Hansen and the wounding of her companion last spring in Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park. Carpenter is also accused of murdering his co-worker, Heather Skaggs, and dumping her body in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Because District Attorney Art Danner has charged that Carpenter also raped Skaggs and attempted to rape Hansen, Carpenter could be sentenced to death if he is convicted of murder with special circumstances.

In a separate motion, defense attorney Jerry Christensen asked that the trial be moved to another county. Carpenter's attorney claims that the coverage local television stations and newspapers have given the sensational case makes it impossible for his client to be judged by unprejudiced jurors in Santa Cruz County. After Monday's court hearing, Danner said that he might conduct a public opinion poll to prove that Carpenter could receive a fair trial in this county. Danner offered no details about the possible survey, but pre-trial polls conducted in other areas usually question people on their newspaper-reading habits. Further arguments about changing the site of Carpenter's trial will be heard by Judge Hall on February 8.

The County's Broke

Santa Cruz County doesn't have the money to pay for repairs to public roads, buildings, and parks damaged during this month's storms and floods, acting county administrator George Newell told the board of supervisors last Tuesday. Newell estimated that the total damage to public and private property in the county exceeded $100 million, and that repair costs for county property and roads would come to $22.5 million. The federal government has agreed to pay 75 percent of the county's repair bill, but Newell said that the county would still have to pay $5.6 million that it doesn't have.

More than 100 private roads in the county are also damaged, and the Federal Emergency Management Agency has stated that it will not finance repairs to private roads unless the homeowner or the county pays 25 percent of the costs.

To obtain the funds needed for county repairs, supervisors Dan Forbus (Live Oak-Soquel) and E. Wayne Moore (Pajaro Valley) suggested that the county increase the sales tax rate (now at 6 ½ percent). The board of supervisors took no action on the suggestion—which would require voter approval—to raise the sales tax, but they did agree not to hire new county employees until budget hearings are held in June.

Scotts Valley in Trouble Again

The Scotts Valley city council has been told by a state agency that it must either enact an erosion and soil control ordinance or lose its control of all building permit approvals. In a letter sent to the council, Ken Jones of the state's Regional Water Quality Control Board said that the agency may be forced to review all new building projects in Scotts Valley to ensure that erosion and waste water are properly controlled. Last October the Scotts Valley council refused to consider an erosion control ordinance recommended by the state, and the city has since been told that it could lose an $8 million grant for a larger sewage treatment plant if it doesn't approve a strict erosion measure. Some geologists and soil engineers have said recently that improper land use and erosion control policies may have contributed to this month's heavy flooding. The Scotts Valley city council is now considering an erosion and waste water control ordinance.

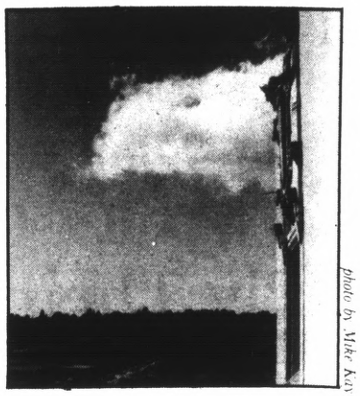

photo by Mike Kerr

New Slide Possible

Monitoring devices set in the hillside above 35 homes in the Love Creek area of Ben Lomond have detected some movement in the ground, and geologists are now calling the region an "active slide." Fearing another massive mudslide, residents of the area have evacuated their homes. The unstable area is adjacent to the slide which killed as many as ten people two weeks ago. Rescuers have been ordered to leave the area until the earth above the slide stabilizes. County and state geologists are studying ways to stabilize the slope, but they say that not much can be done until the ground dries out.

County Workers Upset After Flood

Many of the county government workers who showed up to help after the recent flood were told to go home, and now the county says that the workers won't be paid for their forced time off. AFSCME Local 415 manager Jerry Zellhoefer has said that "they [the county administrators] vastly underutilized the county force, "and that the union believes the county administrators and the board of supervisors made a mistake by sending so many workers home. A press release issued by 90 county social service workers states: "As social service employees are the best equipped group to deal with disaster victims' immediate needs, why weren't we utilized to serve the public during the flood?"

photo by Laure Chin

CAMPUS CLIPS

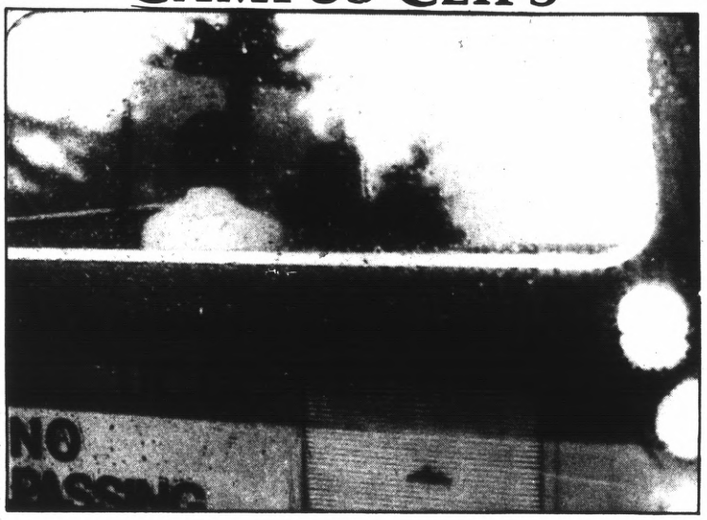

photo by Laure Chin

photo by Mike Kay

Have you ever noticed that small talk on campus has a certain sameness about it every quarter? Invariably, conversations first focus on "And what did you do for vacation?" Of course, the other party is rarely sincerely interested in what you actually did; in reality, he/she is politely listening until you return the favor of asking about his/her experiences, at which point you also listen politely while he/she babbles on.

Normally this stage rapidly deteriorates back to the natural realm of college small talk—books, classes, professors, the opposite sex. This quarter, those earthshaking discussions have been interrupted by the recent storm and the sufferings—major for some and minor for others—it has caused. One of the still unsolved results of the storm is (as the rain falls again on Santa Cruz) the continuing water shortage. And here's a small-talk subject for you: If there is a water crisis in this county, why are the restaurants washing dishes and the carwashes washing cars downtown (or so I've heard) when the students on campus can't wash their clothes? Before long my jeans are going to take on a life of their own.

On to other possible topics for small talk.

□■□■

The Student Committee on Committees (SCOC) has changed its meeting time and place to 10 am every Friday in the Cowell A-frame. SCOC has a horribly bureaucratic name, but actually the committee has a valuable role in transmitting student opinion to the administration. The members of the committee invite any interested students to the weekly meetings.

□■□■

The possibility of a campus-wide core course is still alive and kicking. The proposal now includes the possibility of having the first quarter of the three-quarter sequence an optional one for those colleges which want to have their own, personalized core courses. There are a number of questions concerning this proposal which have been voiced by faculty members, including its proposed curriculum, its relationship to the colleges, or if it is even necessary. The course would possibly focus on "the classics," with a smattering of other areas of human endeavor, such as the sciences, included. In this time of budget reductions, however, another question must be asked: Since this would be a campuswide, three-quarter long course which would involve perhaps as many as two-thirds of the humanities and social sciences faculty, is it even worth it? A course like this might well divert faculty away from teaching other valuable classes. Your opinions on these problems are needed by the two student representatives on the CEP, so you might want to drop a note to Robin Kosseff, Merrill Box 510, or to Greg Adams, Cowell Box 11.

□■□■

Any student who would like to be a part of the creation of an excellent newspaper has two choices (not that they are mutually exclusive): attend a *City on a Hill* staff meeting or go to the organizational meeting for *Leviathan*, the UCSC Jewish student paper. *City on a Hill* meetings are every Monday at 6 pm in the Stone House; *Leviathan* is meeting Thursday, January 29, at 8pm in the Stevenson Fireside Lounge. Also, later this quarter, *TWANAS*, the UCSC newspaper of Third World and Native American Studies, will be looking for volunteers. All are welcome.

—Shari Lynn Anderson

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LETTERS

A LOT OF E.S.

Dear Staff:

This letter concerns the recent events which have been taking place in the environmental studies program here at UCSC. The majority of people who have applied to the major this winter have been turned down. Why? We've been given various hazy reasons. Last spring the one given to me was "your interests are too broad." This winter, no one seems to really know why I was rejected.

I have been studying ecology and the effect humankind's development has had on it. I came to the university for the sole purpose of studying this subject within the E.S. major. And the ecodevelopment pathway seemed perfect for my interests. So, I took all the prerequisite classes in addition to five upper division courses that apply to the pathway. In all, I have taken and passed eight courses which apply to the ES majors ecodevelopment pathway.

I really do not care about this formality of getting accepted to the major because I know what I like to study. But by this June I will have completed all the requirements for a BA degree in ES with a concentration in earth sciences. I will be ready to graduate but not allowed to due to the fact I have not been accepted to my major.

This department, which has a reputation for being concerned about its students, is letting more than a few of us down. As individuals, the people who make up the board are highly sensitive and caring. But the board tends to make negative decisions which have profound effects on the students under it. As have many others, I have put a lot of time and effort into this task of being accepted to this major, not once but twice. ES board, what are students such as myself expected to do under these circumstances? And what are we to think of the acceptance process?

Sincerely,
Marten A. Schmitz
Box 51 College VIII

ACCOMMODATING

Dear Staff,

Classes have been scheduled for three Saturdays this quarter, January 23, February 6 and February 20. Some Jewish students may wish to observe the Sabbath on those days, and not attend classes. I have asked instructors to make accommodations for those students. In individual cases, students may wish to discuss this issue with their instructors.

Sincerely,
John A. Marcum
Academic Vice Chancellor

UCSC MUD SLINGERS

Much of my adult life has been devoted to proclaiming the advantages of the Navy, where you have a clean bunk, good food, and no mud. I was a bit surprised, therefore, to find myself on 9-10 January knee deep in mud at a mobile home park on Soquel Creek. I was not surprised, however, to find among my fellow volunteers in that flood relief project many UCSC students.

Betty Havey, Darrell Yeaney, and Cindi Donald of the Campus Ministry had led a band of their followers from the glorious UCSC hilltop to the mud and devastation of a mobile home park on Soquel Creek. There they moved furniture and possessions of the flood victims, established a security watch for two nights to deter looting, and shoveled mud and muck; tons of mud.

As a maturing person, I am constantly impressed by the sensitivity of younger people to the needs of others. "My generation" was very sensitive to the needs of family, friends, and those whom we could see but I can't visualize a busload of my college chums going into another town to shovel mud, move furniture, and stand security watches.

Sensitivity to the needs of others will not solve all of our problems but certainly you cannot get very far without it. Now, if you only had my peasant wisdom. Hey, that is a joke, daughter/son.

But it is not a joke to say, well done to the students, faculty, and staff who assisted flood victims.

Robert Bruce
CDR, USNR-Ret.

A SAD LOSS

Dear Editor,

I was filled with sadness when I heard that Gene Rumrill and Vonna Blount died in the Ben Lomond mudslide in early January. Being out here in the snow and sun, the death of two friends in my home town and home school came as a terrible shock.

As a UCSC Alumnus, I feel that these two people, faculty of the UC Extension Wilderness Program, hold a very high place in my education. Without them I would not have graduated. Without them, many, many people would not have had as rewarding college experiences. The courses and programs they designed, enabled many of us to look deeply into ourselves, our society, and environment.

Their many friends certainly feel a tremendous loss, as I do. And the UCSC faculty and campus, too, have suffered tremendous loss.

Dennis Brooks

THOSE JOURNALISTS...

Dear Miss Slott:

Your letter of December 21 was on my desk when I returned here at the beginning of the Winter Quarter, and I am sorry that my response to your article—the result of several hours of conversation between us—must be so negative.

It would be easy to dismiss your article as simply inadequate, which I think it is, or poorly written, which I also think it is. However, since we are both members of an educational community, I would like to explain why I think that your article falls so short of the mark.

Quite apart from the many errors contained in your manuscript, your initial request to me was for information regarding Porter College, about my role as Provost, and my aspirations for this college—its students, its faculty and its programs. This was the explicit basis on which I agreed to our conversation.

In reading your article I am puzzled as to why you chose to make no mention of any of the exceptional creative energies exhibited by our students and faculty (gallery shows, theatrical productions, musical recitals, etc.), the presentations made by distinguished guests during the College's dedication festivities, the residency of the Muir Quartet, or the many other cultural events which originate in this college for the enjoyment and enrichment of the entire university community. All of these activities are supported by this office.

Rather, you have focused upon one incident of immature student journalistic behavior which has been addressed frankly by me with the editorial board of *Pigstye*. As I told you, I have every confidence in the sensitivity and fairness of our student body to understand the unfortunate consequences of these kinds of irresponsible statements, and I do not anticipate further breaches of journalistic good taste.

I would be interested to know what purpose you feel your article will serve other than providing some fleeting inflammatory prose which does nothing to resolve this particular issue.

Finally, I specifically asked you—and you agreed—to send me the copy of your interview for my approval *before* it was sent off for publication. This you did not do.

Since you told me several times of your interest in writing and in journalism, I can only hope that your future efforts will incorporate a much greater sense of responsibility to the issues and the persons about which and about whom you write.

Sincerely,
Philip F. Nelson
Provost

P.S. If you have not yet done so, may I suggest that you see the current film, Absence of Malice.

PROBLEMS AT PORTER

Dear Staff,

I would like to thank *City on a Hill* for continuing to report on the problems Porter College is having adjusting to its new provost ("The Provost And The Pigsty," 1/14/82), because, as is obvious to Porter students, the provost has no intention of adjusting to the college. Because the issue of press censorship or censorship of any art or ideas is so significant, I would like to clear up some facts that were inaccurately presented in Mira Slott's appreciated article.

After the November issue of *Pigsty* (the one containing passages objectionable to Provost Nelson) was published, the staff was requested to meet with the provost one evening so that he could reprimand us in his usual condescending manner, lecture us on what is "art" and "taste," and slap our typewriter hands. It was at this meeting that he first mentioned the allegedly libelous nature of certain statements in the magazine, and only later, ten days after the confrontation, that he demanded via letter that the "*Pigsty* must include in its next issue a front page retraction of the items."

Whether Nelson ever seriously considered suing anyone is unknown but doubtful, because, as Mira pointed out in her article, it would be very bad press for him. What the provost is doing, however, is intentionally intimidating our staff by delivering threats with ambiguous ultimatums. This arrogant intimidation is as manifest in his mentioning of attorneys and libel as it is in his qualification—"whether the Pigsty will be permitted to continue as a magazine," or his consistent focusing on myself in his letters as the responsible party, even after having met with the staff and been informed of its completely collective editorship.

In closing I'll say that whether we have an "ax over our heads" is a point of question, but the provost has definitely challenged himself into a "no-win situation." I also suggest that anyone interested in investigative journalism looking for an interesting story on campus power politics and the like should take a good look at the new organization at Porter College and the dictatorial relationship there between the administration and staff/students.

Thanks again,
Jon Amsterdam

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Editor:

While you are extolling virtues and exemplary heroics of our volunteer fire departments, as well as the Red Cross, and all their volunteers in the tragedy that is the San Lorenzo Valley, do not forget that all of it could have been prevented.

Our county board of supervisors for road crews and the governor for Caltrans have recently failed to allot money enough to repair throughfare damage as it occurred.

Slides were initiated by improper repairs of old slips. All I saw had their origins at such places. The Blue Slide did not lose a thimbleful of dirt; but the road went out on both sides of it.

Now that roads are open again by slapstick removal of all things needed immediately to prevent more monstrous damage on the next storm, we must shudder and duck at the first sign of a raindrop. And probably repeat the process 'till the end of time!

As for the San Lorenzo River and the Soquel Avenue bridge in the city of Santa Cruz, won't the politicians have fun when Old Sam doles out the gravy for "repairs!"

The river by law in the city of Santa Cruz is 300 feet wide—you must know that; you seem to know everything else. It constitutes a tideland trust to the city from the State of California for the benefit of the public, exactly as Long Beach harbor is a gift to that town in trust. If we had the same kind of politicians as exists in Long Beach, Santa Cruz would be the most favored spot on the coast.

However, river bench marks have all been illegally removed; the channel, in violation not only of law, but equally of the city's agreement with the federal government, has been encouraged to fill with silt and other detritus. Our bay is so heavily contaminated that big boats can't come in.

It was this that took out the bridge, not faulty construction, as you must know.

Please keep the record straight, and ask Bob Hall to do likewise. I don't know how you are to get the latter gentleman to do anything; but for your own information you can start by thumbing through the Statutes of 1872, the year California adopted Code Law as the basis of all decisions in our courts.

You do owe that much to your readers.

I thank you.

Tom McHugh

LITERARIA

Punk Postering: The Lost Art

by Richard von Busack

Street Art: The Punk Poster in San Francisco 1977-1981 *Berkeley: Last Gasp. $8.95.*

Is it really art? Well, if they put it in a coffee table paperback with a disposable and discursive text, it must be. The 126 posters herein, xeroxed advertisements for nearly a hundred different bands and venues, represents the first (but probably not the last) enshrinement of the San Francisco punk scene. More than just an anthology of posters, though, *Street Art* charts the transition between punk and new wave. At the end of the book, posters for punk shows and posters for minimalist, electronic and experimental music have separated into two separate genres.

"The idea of throwaway art was great," writes *Street Art's* author Pete Belsito, "but it didn't work in practice." Certainly the first few rough posters, adaptations of famous prints by Warhol and Liechtenstein or slightly original collages, are crude compared to the more subtle posters later on, when San Francisco Art Institute students moved into the game. The art (perhaps the craft is a better word) of punk postering involved collaging or pillaging mundane images and contrasting them to make a startling effect, something to grab the passersby. Among the most distressing are two posters for the Avengers clipped out of a bondage/porn magazine. The impact of these posters was so extreme that the SF Police took it upon themselves to cancel the show. These two posters can be contrasted with the elegant, typeset flyers for the Cabaret Voltaire/Young Marble Giants concert executed by *Mother Jones* art director Diane-Aziza Ooka. Towards the end of the book, there are even a few posters for the sake of posters by the Last International and Pepe Moreno, mostly political and in one case, touching (Will Shatter's "Today, part of me died").

Apart from the aesthetic value (or lack of the same) of this collection, there is also a sense of nostalgia, of the ending of a scene that was tremendously exciting at the time. For a long time the street posters were a method of communication, signposts handed out at the end of one illegal concert to guide you to the next. The media were silent about these events; there was a sense of rebellion and community which is oddly lacking in the clubs these days. The end of this scene, together with strict police regulations against postering, brought this era of street art to an end. Through this book, a little part of that era is preserved. ✓

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Two Daughters of the American Revolution

by Sharan Street

Growing Up Underground *by Jane Alpert. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc. 1981. 372 pp. $13.95.*

Women, Race and Class *by Angela Y. Davis. New York: Random House. 1981. 271 pp. $10.95.*

When a motley group of remnant radicals from the Weather Underground mounted an attack on a Brink's armored car a few months ago, many had forgotten about or never hear of the extremist revolutionary group. Others, who remembered the '60s in a distinctly unfavorable light, saw in the robbery the final meaning of the '60s: futile, ill-conceived, and selfish actions by criminals masquerading as revolutionaries. But for the many young people who believed then that there would be revolution within their lifetimes, it was less a symbol of the decade than a lesson in the consequences of action without thought, a comment on the need to understand social problems before trying to solve them through the barrel of a gun. For despite the shortcomings of the '60s, the social turmoil produced some of the most profound concepts to enter the American mainstream since the early labor movements of the turn of the century.

In two recently released books, written by two veterans of '60s activist movements, both the negative and positive aspects of the decade are revealed. In Jane Alpert's *Growing Up Underground*, the author shows the vigorous but wrong-headed attempts of a group of white intellectuals to embrace a working class revolution that the workers hadn't joined yet, and in the second, Angela Davis' *Women, Race and Class,* Davis shows the ways in which feminism can be integrated with the ideas of Black liberation and class struggle, and how the radical ideas of the 60's can be properly seen in a larger historical perspective.

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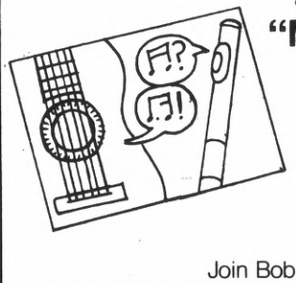

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The Costs of Becoming Human

by J.B. Hare

On Becoming Human *by Nancy Makepeace Tanner. Cambridge University Press, Cambridge. 1981. $10.95.*

Woman's Worth—Sexual Economics and the World of Women *by Lisa Leghorn and Katherine Parker. Routledge and Kegan Paul, Boston, Mass. 1981. $10.50.*

These two books offer well-documented and iconoclastic studies of the role of women in the evolution of humanity and their hidden and often unpaid work today. UCSC's Tanner puts "Primitive Man the Hunter" to rest, and introduces us to "Woman the Gatherer." Leghorn and Parker take us on a Dantean tour of contemporary patriarchy and offer a glimpse at an egalitarian "matriarchial" economy.

On Becoming Human is well-documented, persuasive, and nicely illustrated (by Dee Anne Hooker). Tanner's thesis has already raised eyebrows and will continue to do so. She states it as follows: "Plant gathering with tools by females for obtaining sufficient food to share with their offspring was a very early innovation, and one that played crucial role in the transition from ape to human."

Concerned that the theory of evolution has been transformed into a contemporary origin myth, Tanner decries the use of the catch phrase "survival of the fittest" to justify imperialism, colonialism, and the exploitation of nature and humanity alike. Further, she views the image of our ancestors evolving by dominating and exchanging females as a reflection of the limited roles of Victorian women. She condemns sociobiology as "neither good sociology nor good biology." In place of these theories, Tanner constructs a model that draws on recent discoveries about primate behavior and abilities, the fossil record, and data on present-day "gathering" societies.

Chimpanzees and our australopithecine ancestors diverged about four to five million years ago. We spend a bit of time in Tanner's book getting to know the chimps, not studied in the wild until the '60s. These clever, playful, and randy cousins of ours make bona-fide tools, use complex communication systems, and have a well-developed, albeit anarchistic, social order. They can walk on two feet and carry an armload of oranges. They have long-term mother-infant bonding. Female chimps, unlike other "lower" primates, can mate when they please. Male chimps are affectionate, without sexual jealousy or aggression, and only fight under abnormal situations.

So what of Man the Hunter? Chimps of both sexes kill small animals, and all share in the feast. Tanner points out, though, that this is *not* hunting. She notes, "Chimps never used tools to obtain or kill an animal in any predatory activities observed to date." Mostly, chimps eat plants and insects. Not every chimp collects the same amount of food, although all share. The mothers end up collecting the most, single females the next most, and males the least.

Then it's off to the upper Miocene, where we meet our direct ancestors, living in small groups and subsisting mostly on plants. The center of this social order was the interaction of mother and child. The females, further, called the sexual shots. Did the dominant men get the most sexual attention? Only if they were polite. Tanner notes that human males lack the big canine teeth that lower primate males sport as their principal weapon. She believes that females of this time selected the least disruptive males for sexual partners. As she puts it, "female choice was probably beginning to come into the conscious realm." (p. 166).

Lastly, Tanner reviews the fossil record in great detail laying out all the evidence, and interpreting it in support of her model. Particularly convincing is her re-interpretation of the earliest stone tools as used for plant-pounding rather than meat-scraping.

The work is feminist both in methodology and vision, and certainly in implication. Against those who would have us believe that our world has always been as it is now and will always be so, Tanner is optimistic about the human potential for change. She concludes: "Ironically, it was the development of culture that made elaboration or dichotomization possible in any direction; a lopsided society such as ours that either ignores or infantilizes half the species—women—can exist. Whether or not it can survive is another matter. For the challenges of a world society suddenly able to destroy itself, full, mature, and equal participation by both sexes in problem solving and culture building would seem necessary."

In *Women's Worth,* Leghorn and Parker offer us a well-documented survey of women's economic and social status in a "man's world." Written at a popular level without being reductionistic, persuasively and passionately argued, *Woman's Worth* belongs on every feminist's reading list for 1982. But the book is not light reading. The picture it paints is nasty, brutish, and repellent, for instance witness the "Paraguayan peasant women...recruited for prostitution at weekends and forced to do domestic work during the week."

Leghorn and Parker's thesis is starkly contrary to all previous economic theory. The authors reclaim women's work as the basis of economic life, and unmask the swindles through which this work is largely unpaid or underpaid. The book describes a world economy in which women do one-third of the formal work, four-fifths of the non-formal work, and yet get only 10 percent of the income and own less than 1 percent of the property.

Housework. Nobody likes to do it, yet it is essential to the functioning of society. When Icelandic women, including housewives, went on a 24-hour strike on October 24, 1975. Iceland ground to a halt. The women were demanding pay raises, pay for housework, and increased political participation. If the strike had been more than a warning, the economy would have collapsed. Leghorn and Parker display a comparable worth study of US women's unpaid work for their families. Based on a 1970 survey of Wall Street employees, the unpaid wage of housewifery comes to $257.53 per week. If this were paid to every housewife, the total would come to half the GNP or six or seven times the military budget.

In a striking passage, Leghorn and Parker point out the many parallels between slavery and marriage: "Wives, like slaves, do not receive pay for their work...Their work is crucial and often the basis of the economy, but is devalued and considered menial....They and their children bear their masters' name. Wives can be beaten if they disobey, and they must be sexually available at their husbands' whim.... If they attempt to leave, they must sometimes escape through an 'underground railway' network...." Katherine Parker, one of the co-authors, writes here from experience as well as research, for she works in just such a halfway house for battered women and their children in Boston.

To back up their contentions, a sample of the worlds' cultures is displayed—a spectrum of male power and women's resistance. Leghorn and Parker use a three-fold measure of women's status. This division of the world into societies with "minimal," "token," or "negotiating" power for women cuts across traditional categories or developed or underdeveloped, capitalist or socialist, technological or non-technological.

The criteria they use to evaluate these societies read like a Magna Carta of matriarchy. The economic values they are concerned with are "(a) valuation of women's fertility and physical integrity, (b) women's access to and control over crucial resources, including property, paid and collective labor, training and education, and (c) women's networks." Contrast this with typical quantified economic criteria.

Woman's Worth takes no stand on whether male economic values have always prevailed, but the authors are clear about their own "matriarchial" values. Leghorn and Parker state their confidence that societies can be built around cooperation, equality, and women's power over their own fate. Judging from the record of women's contribution to human development that Tanner reveals in *On Becoming Human,* this goal is both realizable and possible. ✓

continued from page 13

Jane Alpert, who gained infamy after being indicted for her role in a series of politically motivated bombings of public and private buildings, spent ten years as a fugitive from the federal government, then surfacing to renounce her violent past and to declare her "conversion" to radical feminism. *Growing Up Underground*, her autobiography, traces her evolution from a liberal Swarthmore graduate interested in civil rights into a bomb-building radical working to overthrow the US government. With such a scope of the social currents of the '60s and early '70s, the book promises to live up to its title and describe the experiences of many who grew up and formed their ideas at that time, but unfortunately, *Growing Up Underground* reads like a travelogue through various contemporary ideologies, stopping nowhere long enough to really become familiar with the theoretical terrain.

The problem isn't that *Growing Up Underground* is a bad book. It isn't, but much of the material used to fill up its pages is simply superfluous; Jane Alpert isn't a major figure and it's unnecessary (and downright boring) to learn so many details of her life. Divided into three sections, "Origins," "Revolution," and "Underground," and bracketed by a prologue and an epilogue, the book is about 100 pages too long, and most of that ballast rests in the first section. Its contents are interesting only as a cultural curiosity, and though some of Alpert's comments on the civil rights movement are insightful, it's difficult to care that she hated her mother and had a hard time getting laid. The personal may be political, but it's not always interesting.

The second section, "Revolution," is genuinely riveting in places. Alpert, torn between her "straight" job in the publishing world and a growing desire to join activists in protesting the Vietnam War, is finally pushed over to radicalism after falling deeply in love with a countercultural type ten years her senior. This is the meat of the book, and Alpert does readers a service by being brutally honest in her evaluation of her lover and co-conspirator, Sam Melville, and their relationship. A microcosm of the frightful sado-masochism buried in the psyches of men in the pre-feminist left, their coupling was as paternalistic and obsessive as could be expected from an unformed woman of 20 and a 30-year-old who found it necessary to prove his manhood by blowing up buildings in the name of a revolution that neither he nor any of his associates seemed to really understand.

The third section, "Underground," is perhaps also too detailed, but is basically a very interesting account of life on the lam, the peculiar interlocking safe houses which allowed Alpert and other members of the radical movement to hide out for so long. Alpert, sensibly enough, begins to renounce her involvement with armed revolution in favor of the more humanistic, egalitarian vision of world change promoted by the women's movement, and throughout the years, decides to turn herself in. First, however, she writes a piece addressed to the Weatherwomen, criticizing their involvement with a male-dominated revolutionary group, thus publically marking her break with her past with Melville. The piece angered a number of her old cohorts, who were further dismayed when she turned herself in and through a slip in her testimony to the FBI, revealed information which led to the capture of a close friend and accomplice.

Though this is no work of genius, it is nonetheless worth reading because it does, to an extent, illuminate a generation through the private and public acts of an individual. Alpert, while not an exceptional writer, is competent in telling her story, but one is left wishing that the editor's pen had been sharper and razored out non-essentials. In place of personal detail, Alpert could have made it clearer to those unfamiliar with the times why so many people needed so badly to act against the war in Vietnam. Also missing is an understanding of what Alpert found of value in the women's movement—she devotes about the same amount of space to her consciousness-raising as she does to her first boyfriend, and gives out only perfunctory explanations of the ideas which were to shape the women's movement through to the '80s. The basic problem is that Jane Alpert is an ordinary person caught up in extraordinary events, and she lacks the analytical ability to really understand them herself.

This is far from true in Angela Davis's case. Davis, a brilliant scholar and one of Herbert Marcuse's star disciples, began a promising career in academia at UCLA, only to be dismissed for her "subversive" political beliefs. She gained both notoriety and respect in the UCLA case and in her arrest (and subsequent acquittal) for conspiracy to kidnap. Associated in the '60s with Black revolutionary groups, Davis is a dedicated activist who ran for vice-president on the Communist Party ticket in 1980.

Women, Race and Class, released without fanfare, carrying a vague and uninspiring title, and written in an academic style, is the flip side of the romantic revolutionary actions of '60s radicals, a solid theoretical work about what's *really* involved in making a revolution. And although it's not as easy to read, the book is very rewarding, an excellent overview of the different areas where sex, race, and class collide, and the ideas expressed will stick with the reader long after finishing the book.

In the 13 chapters of *Women, Race and Class,* Davis covers a significant amount of territory, ranging from a critique of different sociological analyses on the effects of slavery on the Black family to a working class analysis of housework. In an engrossing first chapter Davis scrutinizes the myth of the dominant Black woman, showing through historical documentation that any equality with Black men gained by Black women was through the hard physical labor and punishment they suffered along with men under the plantation slavery system. Through this historical testimony Davis shows convincingly that any meaningful study of Black social history must look at the structure of the Black family without preconceived notions of white familial organization. She argues that the strong role of the Black woman in plantation families created a healthier division of labor, responsibility, and power than in white male-female relations.

The bulk of the book (six of the chapters) is devoted to a historical study of the early ties between the abolitionist movement and the woman suffrage movement. In compelling historical documentation, Davis shows a lot of racist skeletons in the closet of the early women's rights movement, and also shows how the woman suffrage movement did not address itself to issues pertaining to working class women.

In the two chapters on the failure of the women's groups to come to terms with racism, Davis has compiled quotes from many organizers, including Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony that show the degree to which suffragettes were concerned perpetuating white supremacy. When asked by a Black delegate to the 1867 Equal Rights Convention if she opposed the extension of the vote to Black men if women were not also enfranchised, Elizabeth Cady Stanton answered: "...I say no; I would not trust him with my rights; degraded, oppressed, himself, he would be more despotic...than ever our Saxon rulers are. If women are still to be represented by men, then I say let only the highest type of manhood stand at the helm of the State."

By the turn of the century, Southern racists had discovered the value of woman suffrage. In the 1903 convention, a Southern delegate testified: "The enfranchisement of women would insure immediate and durable white supremacy.... in every Southern state but one, there are more educated women than all the illiterate voters, white and Black, native and foreign, combined."

But the book has a much broader perspective than racism in the women's movement, past and present. As well, Davis includes inspiring accounts of Black and white women who worked together to end both racism and sexism, and Black women who worked for woman suffrage.

The greatest service Davis's book does, besides to illuminate a less noble side of the early women's movement, is to cover four topical subjects from Black womens' historical perspective. In the last three chapters, she discusses the anti-rape movement, birth control and abortion, and the value of women's work, presenting strong reasons why such issues don't find widespread acceptance and interest among working class and Black women. In the case of the anti-rape movement, Davis suggests that the movement is culturally biased because it does not recognize that Black women have a different perspective on the sexual politics of rape: Not only are Black women historically well acquainted with rape as a means of expressing dominance over their bodies, they are also concerned with the myth of the Black male rapist, long used to justify vicious lynching campaigns. Through selected quotes from Mary Daly and Susan Brownmiller, Davis shows that perhaps the myth still holds sway over white women today.

"Women, Race and Class" presents an excellent overview of the areas where sex, race, and class collide, and Davis's ideas will stick with the reader a long time.

In another example of using the historical record to show racist and classist attitudes in the early women's movement, Davis shows the ways in which Margaret Sanger and the campaign for birth control was manipulated to serve as a vehicle to suppress the higher birth rates of immigrants and Black women.

Seen together, though these books superficially have little in common, they serve to illustrate two ways in which the radical movements of the '60s were doomed to failure. Alpert's book shows the personal problems and confusion of some of the revolutionaries of the time and also suggests that a left dominated by men can never be truly egalitarian. And conversely, Davis's work shows that even a brilliant social thinker has a hard time juggling the triple factors of social turmoil—race, sex, and class—into a theoretical framework large enough to handle the jostling as the different groups find themselves at odds in the struggle for political power. Many currents of social unrest started flowing in the '60s; it is the challenge of the '80s to see if they can be made to flow in the same direction. The problem is best stated in a poster that hangs in a feminist bookstore in Los Angeles: "Class consciousness is knowing what side of the fence you're on. Class analysis is knowing who's there with you." ✓

A review copy of Women, Race and Class *was provided by Bookshop Santa Cruz, 1547 Pacific Ave. (at the top of the mall).*

Psychological counseling at Santa Cruz is a decentralized service with professionally trained counselors located in each college. We are here to provide *short-term counseling*, usually for a period of one quarter. The staff members come from a variety of backgrounds and have special interest and experience in helping students explore various issues. In addition to individual counseling, the Counseling and Psychological Services department will offer the following groups Winter, 1982. Please pre-register by calling our main number, x2895, unless otherwise noted.

WINTER QUARTER GROUPS

ACADEMIC STRESS MANAGEMENT
A mutual support group, emphasizing effective techniques for managing stress in a variety of academic situations including (but not limited to) speaking in class, talking to professors, paper writing, and time management.
Thursdays 3 pm – 5 pm Beginning February 1
Counseling Group Room Ray Charland/Sheila Hough

WOMEN & SEXUAL ABUSE
Have you suffered sexual violence, abuse or exploitation? Let us meet and discuss it in a safe environment.
Wednesdays, 9–10:30 am Beginning February 3
Room 146 Cowell Health Center
Gill Greensite/Dorothy Levin

SHYNESS GROUP
This group is for people who see themselves as having difficulty expressing ideas and feelings and making friends. We will focus on exercises designed to make people feel more relaxed and competent in social situations.
Mondays 1:15–3:00 pm
Beginning January 25 for 6 sesions
Carol Smith/Jacob Sidman
Counseling Center Group Room

PSYCHOTHERAPY GROUP
This group is designed for individuals who are highly motivated to involve themselves in a group process situation, preferably those who have had prior individual counseling and would now benefit from group therapy. We will use the group setting to learn more about relationships.
Tuesdays 10:15–11:45 am
Beginning February 16 for 6 sessions
Room 275 Clark Kerr Hall Rebecca Carter

EFFECTIVE TEST TAKING WORKSHOP
The workshop will include how to review and prepare for an exam; how to stay relaxed during the exam; and how to learn from your mistakes.
Wednesday February 10, 3:00–5:00 pm
Oakes Coffeeshop Lounge
Ray Charland/Gary Shoemaker

GENERAL COUNSELING
Group for students with a variety of concerns that include relationships, handling interpersonal conflicts, career and vocational choices.
Starts week of February 1st. Time to be announced
Call x2895 to sign up. Gary Shoemaker

BLACK WOMEN'S GROUP
An opportunity for all UCSC Black women (students, faculty and staff) to meet socially, share interests and ideas, and to plan and implement extracurricular activities.
Thursday 7–9 am pm Place to be announced
Contact Josie King, x2841

STUDENT OUTREACH SERVICES
Students will develop and participate in student service projects which meet changing needs within the college or campuswide setting.
Tuesdays 5:30–7:00 pm Starting February2
Charles E. Merrill Lounge
Contact Josie King x2841, or Katia Panas x2375

LAS MUJERES
All Chicanas are invited to come, share experiences, and enjoy other activities.
Time to be announced Contact Katia Pana, x2572

BLACK WOMEN'S RE-ENTRY GROUP
An opportunity for Black Re-entry Women to come together to share ideas and interests.
Time and place to be announced
Contact Josie King, x2841

Those who are afraid of being brainwashed by a pack of radicals needn't fear Mother Jones—its slant resembles the Hayden-Fonda platform of economic democracy and clean technology.

Magazines and Their Place in Your Library

by Carter Young

Manifold are the joys of magazines—they are compact, relatively cheap, have nice pictures, and contain interesting flotsam collected from around the known world. A good magazine also provides a sense of anticipation and surprise which cannot be matched by books. With their immediacy and diversity, each new issue of a magazine is a small jewel of information and amusement.

But when confronted with the mass armada of periodicals available in the library or magazine stores, most students head for the familiar comfort of *Time, Newsweek, Rolling Stone,* and *Omni.* The popularity of these journals reflects their considerable utility, but these four hardly exhaust the list of intelligent, amusing, or authoritative magazines. For those inquisitive readers who want to venture slightly off the beaten path, we offer this subjective list of useful periodicals. (All magazines are available in area book and magazine stores or at libraries).

The Village Voice: The grandmother of alternative community weeklies, *The Voice* is a big, raucous weekly tabloid for New York and beyond. Faithful readers have been known to say that the paper is getting more commercial every year, but the eclectic mix of stories with a liberal to radical slant still contains a bite sorely lacking in many other magazines. Most everything in the paper is either intelligent or outrageous, and the stable of staff writers, photographers, and cartoonists is the finest in the land. Especially strong in its coverage of gays, the arts, and political or cultural trends, *The Voice* is perhaps the most interesting and vibrant magazine in the US—even if it is mostly about New York.

In These Times: Another weekly tabloid, *ITT* calls itself a non-sectarian socialist newspaper—definitely a tough road to travel. But after five years of publication, the magazine has developed into an accurate and respected source of information and commentary. Thin and not that pretty to look at, *ITT* does an excellent job of covering Europe and the Middle East, and it has the best and most complete reporting on the US labor movement and community activism of any general periodical. Learning from the mistakes of past socialist publications, *ITT* editors allow little stridency or rhetoric to appear on the pages, but the resulting prose is often dry and occasionally turgid. It was also disheartening to see the paper spend so much time on the Citizens Party at the expense of socialist platforms and candidates during the last election, but their cultural criticism is surprisingly astute and readable for a political magazine.

Mother Jones: The queen of the muckrakers, *MoJo* has proven that a magazine of the left can be well-written, designed, and edited. Most famous for its exposes of corporate mayhem, this monthly slick does a very good job on Central America and health issues. Those who are afraid of being brainwashed by a pack of radicals thirsting for the blood of capitalists needn't fear *Mother Jones*—its slant closely resembles the Hayden-Fonda platform of economic democracy and clean technology. Among the quirks of *MJ* are a penchant for weird subjects (a recent example was a cover story on a family of armed dwarves) and a clumsy approach to writing about arts and popular culture. UCSC instructor Doug Foster is a frequent contributor to the magazine.

The Atlantic: A transfusion of new blood has brought one of America's older magazines back from a patrician grave. The confessions of David Stockman was the most talked-about magazine article of last year, but compared to *Atlantic* stories by V. S. Naipaul, Robert Caro, Gary Wills, and James Fallows, the Stockman story wasn't that remarkable. You can never tell what the next issue of the *Atlantic* will bring, but you can sleep safe at night knowing that it will include something about Washington, an arcane dispatch from a distant outpost, and an adequate short story. Journalistic innovation is not a part of the *Atlantic,* but essays of substance and clarity are.

The Progressive: This gutsy little magazine from the Midwest made headlines a few years ago when it published the secret love life of uranium and plutonium inside the hydrogen bomb. Founded by "Fighting Bob" LaFollette in 1909, *The Progressive* has often stood alone as a voice of liberal reason during its history. In the past five years, the magazine has been one of the best at publishing articles about the follies of all things nuclear, thanks mostly to the work of senior editor Sidney Lens. *The Progressive* covers much the same turf that *Mother Jones* and the *Nation* do, but it places less emphasis on international stories, and it has few features or extended essays.

The Nation: Sparsely illustrated and printed on coarse newsprint, the *Nation* is a weekly for serious readers only. Under the direction of Victor Navasky of *Naming Names* fame, *The Nation*, is a glorious hodgepodge of editorials, essays, and reviews with an intellectual slant. British historian E.P. Thompson's long piece on Europe and nuclear war last year was exceptional, and the journal does a good job on international affairs and book reviews. Women's issues don't get much space in *The Nation,* but it is one of the few general publications to write about architecture and philosophy.

The Bulletin of The Atomic Scientists: Don't be scared by the logo—this monthly is not filled with research papers on some new problem in high-energy physics. It is instead a forum for scientists and policymakers to discuss the problems of nuclear warfare, atomic energy, and arms limitation. The articles are usually clear and understandable to anyone who regularly reads a newspaper, but hardly simplistic. Lately *The Bulletin* has widened its editorial policy to include the areas of alternative energy and non-nuclear forms of strategic warfare (the recent story about Japanese biological warfare testing on prisoners of war during World War II was broken by *The Bulletin*).

Print: The American equivalent of the Swiss *Graphis, Print* is a glossy monthly for art directors and graphic artists. Beautifully designed and illustrated, *Print's* featured portfolios of artists' work would interest photographers, painters, and cartoonists as well as designers. The technical information on innovations in cameras, color presses, and typesetting machines are first-rate, as have been recent articles on typography in Japan, new wave design, and the problems inherent in the teaching of commercial art and design. If you think your graphic execution or concepts are good, you can compare them to the winners of *Print's* annual student design competition.

Soldier of Fortune: Revolting as it may seem, this combination trade journal and fanzine for the mercenary crowd can be useful for students of international conflicts. Many of the writers have loose tongues, and much valuable information can be gained about covert US operations in Central America, Black Africa, Southeast Asia, and the Middle East. Lest we forget the passion the Kennedy brothers had for counterinsurgency operations in foreign lands, at least one *SOF* article a month is devoted to Vietnam. Weapons analysis and first-person accounts of fighting communists in El Salvador, Afghanistan, and Zimbabwe flesh out this journal of violence and hatred. ✓

KALEIDOSCOPE

DRIFTWOOD ON THE HILL: Folksinger/songwriter Jimmy Driftwood ("Tennessee Stud", "The Battle Of New Orleans") will be featured at the Kresge Town Hall this Friday, Jan. 22. Driftwood, whose extensive repetoire and thirteen records span nearly all facets of folk music, from British sea chanties to civil war songs, will play at 8:30. Admission is free.

KLEZMORIM KATZENJAMMER: Flying Fish recording artists *The Klezmorim* will make an appearance at the UCSC Performing Arts theatre this Saturday, Jan. 23. The Klezmorim are a Berkeley-based ensemble of six musicians who have dedicated themselves to reviving "klezmer" music, a nearly forgotten Yiddish folk music which has influenced composers as diverse as Prokofiev and Gershwin. The Klezmorim (or "Klezmer people") have worked to re-create the bet in authentic Klezmer music, combining original elements with a fast-moving theatrical presentation. Tickets to the Klezmorim are $4.50 students/seniors, and $6.50 general. Showtime is 8.

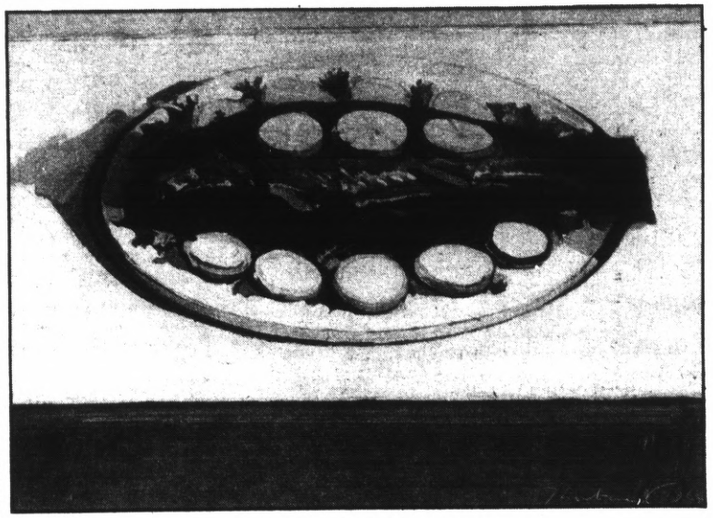
SOUTHERN FOLK: "Sukay" is a Quechua word for "the planting season"; it is also the name of the famed Bolivian folk group who will be playing the Kresge Town Hall this Thursday, Jan. 28. The four musicians who make up Sukay play over 25 different instruments native to Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, and have played all over North America. Showtime is 8:30

GET TOTALLY TUBED: San Francisco's premier art-rockers The Tubes are back in town, with a stream-lined image and a concert's worth of new songs. They've discarded the rubber suits and garter belts for what they call "The Completion Backward Principle", an elusive thesis so close to de-evolution that it's surprising that they haven't been sued by the Spudboys. In any case, they'll be playing the Catalyst Wed., Jan. 27. Tickets are $7.50 advance, $8.50 the day of the show.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CLASS OF '31?: Local historian Seth Schapiro will host an oral history presentation on the lives of the Santa Cruz High School Class of 1931. How could it have felt to graduate from Santa Cruz High during the heighth of the great depression? Come to the Louden Nelson Center this Friday night at 7 pm and find out. Admission is $3.

Hitchcock's **North by Northwest** *(1958)*

HITCHCOCK AT THE SASH MILL: Beginning Jan. 21-22, the Sash Mill Cinema begins a six week retrospective of twelve of Alfred Hitchcock's best films, including the rarely seen *Sabotage* (1936), based on Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent.* This week's offering to the memory of the master is *Suspicion*, a mystery about a man who may—or may not—be planning to murder his wife, starring Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine, and *Foreign Correspondent*, an exhilirating spy thriller with cameras that shoot, windmills that turn in the wrong direction, and Nazi fifth columnists in the woodpile. Check *City On A Hill* for each week's schedule.



Paintings by Wayne Thiebaud, SC Art Museum

ART ATTACK:

Continuing shows: *Minamata* and *Falkland Road* at the Porter gallery, Porter College. See article on page 32.

Wayne Thiebaud, drawings. Through Feb. 7, at the Smith Gallery, Cowell.

Douglas McClellan, stampings, printings, and collages. Through Feb. 11. Cedar Street Gallery, 411 Cedar Street, Santa Cruz

Gantasia: Five new German avant-garde artists: Through Jan. 31. Greyhouse Gallery, 2755 41st Ave., Soquel

Linda Atkinson, drawings and sculptures; *Phobe Fisher*, collages; *Douglas Freund* and *Blanche Greenberg*, handmade jewelry. Through Jan. 31. Santa Cruz Art Center, 1001 Center Street.

Opening:

David Greenfield: Re-Sent Maps. Through February 24. Santa Cruz Art Center, 1001 Center St. Reception Sun., Jan 24. 2:30 pm.

Wayne Thiebaud: paintings. Through Feb. 28. Art Museum of Santa Cruz County, 224 Church Street.

Movies on a Hill:

Thursday, Jan. 21:

Oedipus Rex (1956). Directed by Tyrone Guthrie, Thimann 3, 7 pm. $2

Chinatown (1973). Directed by Roman Polanski. Stevenson Dining Hall, 8 and 10:15 pm. $1.50 general, $1 Stevenson students.

Friday, Jan. 22:

Annie Hall (1978). Directed by Woody Allen. Classroom 2, 7:30 and 10:00. $1.50

Saturday, Jan. 23:

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1934) Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Co-billed with *The Third Man* (1947). Classroom 2, 7:30. $1.50

Sunday, Jan. 24:

Life of Brian (1979) Directed by Terry Gilliam and Eric Idle. Kresge, 7:00 and 9:30. $1.50

Monday, Jan. 25:

The Thin Man (1933) Directed by William Van Dyke, co-billed with *Red Nightmare* (1954), directed by Jack Webb and *The Truth About Communism.* Porter College Dining Hall, 8. $1.25 general, $1 Porter

Films of the Thirties: Thorton Wilder's *Our Town* and Sherwood Anderson's *Street Scene.* Cowell, 8, $1.

Tuesday, Jan. 26:

Tent Of Miracles (1977) and *One Way Or Another* (1974). Part of the Tropical Film Series. Classroom 2, $7:30. $2.

In Cold Blood (1966). Kresge Town Hall, 7:30. Free.

Wednesday, Jan. 27:

Last Grave at Dinbaza Oakes 105, 7:30. Free

The Blot (1921) Thimann Lecture Hall 2, 7:30. $2.

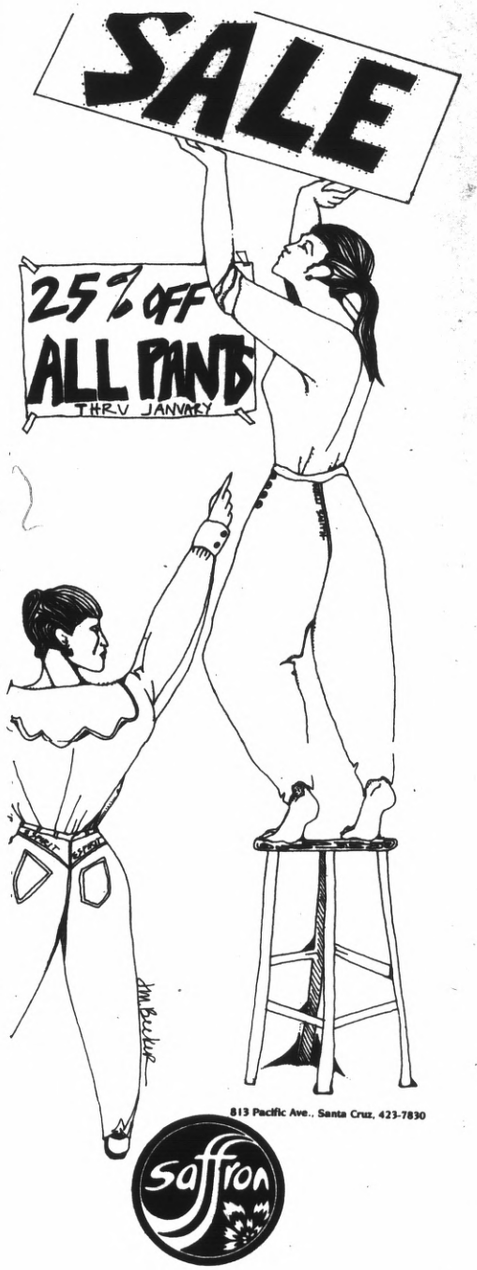
King Lear (1967). Directed By John Houseman. Classroom 2, 7:00 $2.

Thursday, Jan. 28:

Elephant Man (1980). Directed by David Lynch. Stevenson. 8 and 10:15. $1.50 Stevenson, $2 general.

FORMER UCSC INSTRUCTOR NOW OFFERING PRIVATE, QUALITY, NON-ROUTINE PIANO LESSONS. CALL STEVE HAMMER: 425-0502

THAT'S 425-0502



813 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, 423-7830

saffron

Calendar

21 Thursday

☐movies

OEDIPUS REX (1956) Directed by Tyrone Guthrie/7 pm, Thimann Lecture Hall 3/$2.00

CHINATOWN with Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway; directed by Roman Polanski/8 and 10:15 pm, Stevenson Dining Hall/$1.50 general, $1 Stevenson students

☐lectures

Topics in Photobiology/"The Nature of the Photoreceptor in Blue Light-mediated Responses"/4 pm, Room 397 Thimann Labs/Free

Jan Baker Millker, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry, Boston University School of Medicine: "Anger and Aggression in Women and Men"/4 pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge/Free

The Merrill World Studies Table/David Block: "Puerto Rico: The Struggle for Independence"/6 pm, Merrill Baobab Lounge/Free

☐miscellaneous

Cowell College Night/Some of UCSC's most talented students perform music and comedy sketches in the 3rd annual UCSC Revue/7:15 pm, Cowell Dining Hall/Free

COURSE ENROLLMENT/Last day to file course enrollment form at Graduate Division/college offices/$50 late fee

REQUEST FOR LETTER GRADE/Last day to file for letter-grade option/Office of the Registrar

REQUEST FOR NONRELEASE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION/Last day to file a request for winter quarter/Office of the Registrar

22 Friday

☐movies

ANNIE HALL/7:30 and 10:00 pm, Classroom Unit 2/$1.50

☐concerts

"The Muir String Quartet" returns to UCSC for its second residency; this is one of two public concerts by these renowned young artists/8 pm, Performing Arts Concert Hall/$5 general, $2 UCSC faculty & staff, $1 students

Jimmy Driftwood, "Bard of the Ozarks" plays the leaf, bow and other Appalachian instruments, sing and tells stories/8:30 pm, Kresge Town Hall/Free

☐lelctures

Ann Garry, from California State U, LA: "Abortion: Creators, Contracts and Liability"/4 pm, Kresge Seminar Room 159/Free

☐sports

UCSC Women's Basketball vs. St. Mary's/6 pm, UCSC West Gym/Free

☐miscellaneous

Recreation/Whale Watching, Pillar Point/Aboard the chartered boat for a 2 ½ hour excursion to view the Grey Whales/Van leaves the East Fieldhouse Parking Lot at 12:15 pm. Sign up in advance/$8.50 for transportation and tour

Recreation-Handball Clinic: for men and women of any ability; covering conditioning, strokes, shot selection and strategy. No equipment necessary; drop in!/6-8 pm, Racquetball Courts, East Field House/Free

23 Saturday

☐movies

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS directed by Alfred Hitchcock, and **THE THIRD MAN** with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Valli, Trevor Howard/7:30 pm, Classroom Unit 2/$1.50

☐concerts

CAL presents "The Klezmorim," the best in authentic Klezmer music/8 pm, Performing Arts Theater/$6.50 general, $4.50 students/seniors

Tenor Gene Albin sings Schumann's "Dichterlieve" and a program of French songs, accompanied by Aileen James/8 pm, First Congregation Church/$3 general, $1 students, seniors, UCSC faculty and staff

☐lectures

"Computers and Consciousness," a seminar and lecture by Francis Jeffrey/1-7 pm, Crown Merrill Recreation Room/$30 (Intro. lecture on Friday, January 22, 8-10 pm, Louden Nelson Center, Room 5, $3

☐sports

UCSC Women's Rugby vs. Colusa/11 am, UCSC East Field/Free

UCSC Women's Basketball vs. UC San Francisco/5:30 pm, UCSC West Gym/Free

UCSC Men's Basketball vs. Navy Post Graduate/7:30 pm, UCSC West Gym/Free

☐miscellaneous

Dance/A benefit concert dance (Rock/New Wave) with "Translator" and two other San Francisco bands for the "William Quinn Defense Fund" and "Irish Northern Aid"/9 pm to 1:00 am, Porter College Dining Hall/$2.50 student, $3.50 general

INSTRUCTIONAL DAY/Makeup for Tuesday, January 5, 1982

24 Sunday

☐movies

LIFE OF BRIAN with Monty Python/7 and 9:30 pm, Kresge Town Hall/$1.50

☐miscellaneous

Meeting/The Committee on World Jewry is meeting to discuss Soviet Jews and what to do to influence change (via letter writing)/7:30 pm, Cowell Conference Room/Free

25 Monday

☐movies

THE THIN MAN plus **RED NIGHTMARE** AND **THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMUNISM**/8 pm, Porter Dining Hall/$1.25 general, $1 Porter students

Asian Theatre on Film/**KUTTIUATTAM: TEMPLE DRAMA OF SOUTH INDIA** - Sanskrit drama continues to be perfomed in South Indian temples and **O TEMP, O MORES** - Unusual footage of Tamasha, a popular Indian performance genre/7 pm, 148 Porter College/Free

Films of the 30's/Wilder's **OUR TOWN** and Andersohn's **STREET SCENE**/8 pm, Cowell Dining Hall/$1

☐miscellaneous

"Essay Writing" with Admissions Counselor Ceiny Carney and UCSC Writing Instructor Roz Spafford; all students are welcome/2:30-3:30 pm, Communications Room 150, Studio C/Free

Panel discussion: "Student Participation in Campus Governance," with Chancellor Robert Sinsheimer, Provost John Dizikes, Academic Senate Rep. Michael Cowen, SBPC Rep. Fred Civian, Timothy Barncastle-Hill, co-author of the spring, 1981 student proposal, and Bruce Moore, Director of Student Service — Moderator/3:30 pm, Porter College Dining Hall

Recreation-Contact Improvisation Workshop/"Let Your Body Be You Guide": relaxing, expressing, releasing, exploring and playing. For more information and advan sign-up, contact OPER office/7-1 pm, Dance Studio, East Field Hous $6 (Also Wednesday, January 27 same time)

PART-TIME STUDY FOR UNDERGRADUATES/Last day file for reduced fee with approval the part-time degree counselor i the Admission Office/Office of t Registrar

CHANGE OF PROGRAM OF STUDY/Last day to file a petition ADD a course. Last day to DRO course without a $3 fee/Office of Registrar

REGISTRATION ENDS/Last d to register with $50 late fee/Offic the Registrar

The Tubes at the Catalyst, Jan. 27

26 Tuesday

☐movies

Tropical Cinema Film Series/ TENT OF MIRACLES (Brazil, 1977) and ONE WAY OR ANOTHER (Cuba, 1974/77)/7:30 pm, Classroom Unit 2/$2.00

Journalism Film Series/IN COLD BLOOD STARRING Robert Blake/ 7:30 pm, Kresge Town Hall/Free

☐lectures

Inaugural Lecture Series/ Hayden White, Professor of History of Consciousness: "The Politics of Interpretation"/8 pm, Oakes College Room 105/Free

☐

Spotlight on women Scholars/ Mary-Kay Gamel, UCSC Professor (Literature): "A Closet Feminist in Ancient Rome"/3:30-5:00 pm, Kresge Seminar Room 159/Free

General Biology Seminar Series/ Anthony J. Andreoli, Cal State U., LA: "Biochemical Aspects of Sporulation in Bacteria"/4 pm, Thimann Lecture Hall 1/Free

☐sports

Beginning and Intermediate Racquetball Singles Tournament/ Sign up in the IM office; warm-up 6-6:45 pm, play at 7 pm, East Fieldhouse/Free

☐miscellaneous

"Exam Taking"/Last in the study skills videotape series with Ceiny Carney and UCSC Counselor Gary Shoemaker/2:30-3:30 pm, Communications Room 150, Studio C/Free

Modern Dance Class/Stay slim! For beginners and shy people, for those who have always wanted to dance; 8 classes, Tuesday and Thursdays, 1/26 thru 2/18/5-6:30 pm, Kresge Dance Studio/$15 Kresge students; $18 general; Individual class $3/ Enter at any time.

27 Wednesday

☐movies

STAGES: HOUSEMAN DIRECTS LEAR, being shown in conjunction with seminar on Shakespeare's "King Lear"/7 pm, Classroom Unit 2/$2.00

LAST GRAVE AT DIMBAZA/ discussion follows/7:30 pm, Oakes College 105/Free

Silent Film Series/THE BLOT (1921) concerns the problems of a college professor supporting his family on a meagre income; accompanied by music/7:30 pm, Thimann Lecture Hall 2/$2.00

Cross-Cultural Film Series/ "Indochina Refugees-AView From Inside Indochina"; a slide presentation by American Friends Service Committee/7:30 pm, Merrill 102/Free

☐lectures

Astronomy and Astrophysics Colloquia/Dr. George K. Miley, from Leiden Observatory and Kitt Peak National Observatory, will speak on "Emission Lines from Extended Radio Sources"/3:45 pm Room 221, Natural Sciences 2/Free

S.M. Miller, Professor of Sociology and Economics, Boston University: "Theory and the American Future"/ 4-5:30 pm, Merrill Baobab Lounge/ Free

Charles Weiner, Professor of History of Science and Technology at M.I.T., will speak on "New Genies in Old Bottles: Historical Perspectives on the Emergence of Genetic Engineering, the Commercialization of University Research and the Ethical Problems of Scientists"/ 8 pm, Classroom Unit 1/Free

☐sports

UCSC Men's Volleyball vs. U of Santa Clara/7:30 pm, UCSC West Gym/Free

☐miscellaneous

Seminar/"Dreams: Their Mysteries Revealed"; a fascinating exploration into the world of your dreams, facilitated by Patti Cazel and Cindi Donald, every Wednesday/4 pm, Kerr Hall 247/ Free

Calendar continued on page 31

Viewfinder

RIO (423-2000)
On Golden Pond

UA CINEMAS (426-8383)
Whose Life Is It, Anyway?
Reds

DEL MAR (425-0616)
Death Valley
Ghost Story
Halloween II
Windwalker
Absence of Malice

Midnight shows, Fri. and Sat.:
The Groove Tube, Shock Treatment
The Warriors, Heavy Metal

NICKELODEON (426-7500)
Heartlands
From Mao To Mozart
Confidence
Zoot Suit

APTOS TWIN (688-6541)
Sharkey's machine
Modern Problems
9 to 5

SASH MILL (427-1711)
Jan. 21-22:
Suspicion
Foreign Corespondent

Jan. 23, 24, and 25:
My Man Godfrey
State Of The Union

Jan. 26-27:
Friends
Brother Sun, Sister Moon

41st AVENUE CINEMA (476-8841)
Raiders Of The Lost Ark
The Seduction
Taps

Seychelles RESTAURANT

Meals, Snacks,
Desserts, Coffee & Tea,
Beer & Wine

Homecooking at its best!

Evening entrance around back
1549 Pacific Garden Mall
425-0450

CATALYST

1011 Pacific Avenue 423-1336

Fri., January 22
$2.50 Adv./$3.50 Door
Louis & Clark
plus special guest
Cowboy Jazz

Reggae
Earl Zero
plus Bedrock
Sat., January 23
$3.50 Adv./$4.50 Door

KZSC & the Catalyst Present
Wed., January 27
$7.50 Adv./$8.50 Door
Tubes
plus the Misfits

Audition Night/Dollar Night
Medflys
Intruders
May West
Thurs., January 28
$1.00

A Benefit to Aid Flood Victims of the Santa Cruz County
Fri., January 29
$5.50 Adv./$6.50 Door
Snail
Cool Jerks
Kilgore Trout
Proceeds will go to American Red Cross Disaster Relief Fund

Chain of Fools
plus the Exceptions
Sat., January 30
$2.50 Adv./$3.50 Door

Tues., February 2 &
Wed., February 3
$6.50Adv./$7.50 Door
Jerry Garcia Band

Reggae All-Stars
with Tony Chin & Fully Fullwood
plus Exodus and the Sons of Jah
Fri., February 5
$3.50 Adv./$4.50 Door

Also coming in February
City featuring Gavin Christopher, Chain of Fools, Batteries, & the Cool Jerks

All shows start at 9 pm unless otherwise noted. Advance tickets to all Catalyst shows subject to service charge and available at Cymabaline Records, UCSC Box Office and all BASS & Ticketron outlets. Tickets charged by phone at (408) 297-7552.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

REMOVAL OF GRADE I: February 1 is the last day to file a petition for removal of a fall quarter Incomplete; $5 fee, Office of the Registrar. The instructor sets date for completion of course work, no later than February 16 for undergraduates, March 12 for graduate students.

CHANGE OF MAJOR/COLLEGE: February 1 is the last day to file a petition to be effective spring quarter. Office of the Registrar.

GRADUATING IN MARCH? February 1 is the last day to file and announcement of candidacy for a winter quarter bachelor's degree. See pages 27-29 of *Bureaucracy Simplified* for more information. Office of the Registrar.

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance meets every Wednesday evening at 8 pm in Kresge 356 (above the Kresge Library). GALA gatherings are open to the entire campus community. For more information, call the GALA Library at 429-2468.

Bilingual students who missed Bilingual Teacher Grant orientation and would like information on application procedure, contact Professor Valencia, Ext. 2313, Tuesday and Thursday, 1-3 pm

WORKSHOPS
Jan. 20 & 21 - Resume and Interviewing Techniques, Cowell A-Frame, 12-1:30 pm.
Jan. 22- Resume and Interviewing Techniques. Room 123 Central Services, 12-1:30 pm (Handicapped students encouraged to attend) Conducted in conjunction with Berkeley Minority Job Fair. Call X-2183 to sign up.

RECRUITERS COMING TO CAMPUS
Jan. 26 - California Energy Commission
Jan. 27, 28, 29 - ACTION/Peace Corps
These visitors are interested in talking with students. Call Diane Matus, X-2183, for further details and sign up.

DON'T FOGET! CPPC is now open from 5-9 on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

On Thursday, January 28th, Brian Farrell with Western Camps, Inc., will be conducting interviews to fill positions at River Way Ranch Camp. Positions available include camp counselors, senior life savers, sailing instructors, nurse's aide, drivers and many more. For interview and/or further information, see Sharon in Student Employment, Room 125, Central Services, or call Ext. 4024.

The Bisexual Support Group is for people who want to create a safe, supportive environment in which to explore their sexuality without being limited by stereotypes. Come as you are. Meetings are run by consensus. Unstructured time is provided to check in with friends, and make new ones. Meetings start at 6:00 pm on the 1st & 16th of every month, at the Louden Nelson Center.

People for a Nuclear-Free Future will meet Tuesday, January 26, at 7:30 pm at 515 Broadway in Santa Cruz. Your participation is needed and welcome. A utility rate reform initiative, speakers, research projects, much-needed fundraisers, and work against nuclear weapons will be on the agenda. For more information, call 688-1813 or 425-1275.

JULIA ARMSTRONG, UCSC's Ombudsman, is located in McHenry Library, Room 473. Anyone wishing to meet with her to discuss a problem or complaint can make an appointment by calling X-2073. In addition, every Thursday morning from 9 am to noon, the Ombudsman will hold Open Office Hours during which people may walk in.

Are you interested in volunteer work? It's time again to recruit new people for our student volunteer program at the Cowell Student Health Center. Please come to an informational meeting and learn more about what we have to offer you. Thursday, Jan. 21, 1982, 7 pm, OR, Friday, Jan. 22, 1982, 12 noon - 1 pm at the Cowell Student Health Service Conference Room.

The Santa Cruz Archaeological Society will hold its regular monthly meeting on Thursday night, January 21, at 7:30 pm. Dr. Rick Wilk, a professor from UCSC, will speak on mesoamerican archeology. The meeting will be held at the Santa Cruz City Museum, 1305 East Cliff Drive. The lecture is free. All interested persons are invited to attend.

Santa Cruz Housing Action Committee needs help to get Rent Control in this city. Can you help canvas, phone call or leaflet drop to get people to the February 2nd city council hearing? If so, call 425-5171, or just come to the Santa Cruz Community Credit Union, 807 Pacific Ave., 10 am Saturday the 24th or Sunday the 25th.

Tutors needed for bilingual students in Santa Cruz Schools. Education 45 offers an opportunity to work with non-English or limited-English speaking students and to receive 5 credits per quarter. Please contact Paco Ramirez at Stevenson or Cowell. 426-0135.

The American Recorder Society is forming a local North Monterey Bay Chapter, encompassing the Watsonville/Santa Cruz/Los Gatos-Saratoga areas. The first meeting and workshop will be held Friday, January 22 at 7 pm, Holy Cross School (upstairs), 210 High Street, Santa Cruz. The workshop will be conducted by Robert Dawson of the "Pastime with Good Company" players from the Bay Area; there will be a $2 donation at the door for all interested players. Those attending should bring instuments and music stands. Details are available from Sara Platzer, 476-3024, or Carolyn or Clarence Woolston, 335-3978.

Books or Bombs? A forum on educational cutbacks and escalating military spending, presented by the Student Coalition Against Militarism. Thursday, Jan. 21, 7:30 pm, Oakes 105.

Tryouts will be held this month for area residents interested in auditioning for Cabrillo College's spring drama production of "Grease." Auditions will be held Friday, January 22 at 7 pm and Saturday and Sunday, January 23 and 24 at 2 pm at the Cabrillo College Theater. Those auditioning will be asked to perform a song from any musical, except "Grease." Actors should bring along their own sheet music and an accompanist will be provided. There will also be a dance audition so actors should dress appropriately.

Throughout the world, people will be celebrating Friday, January 22 as a DAY OF SOLIDARITY with the people of El Salvador. Demonstrations against US intervention will be held in the US, Switzerland, France, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Netherlands, Portugal, Belgium and Mexico. Locally, the Santa Cruz committee for Solidarity with El Savador asks all concerned to attend a candle light vigil at the Town Clock in Santa Cruz, Friday, January 22 at 6:30 pm. Following that a slide show will be presented at the Heartwood Community Center at 200-7th Ave. The slide show titled, "Country in Crisis" is a historical overview of the crisis in El Salvador. The show is free and open to the public. A speaker will be present to provide an up-date on the current escalation of US involvement in El Salvador.

The University Extension's English Language Program is looking for families to host Japanese university students for three weeks, February 28 - March 23. These students will attend a special conversational English program from 9-12, weekdays at the University. In addition they will visit Monterey-Carmel, San Francisco, and other places. All are undergraduates from Japanese universities and speak some English. They applied for this program because it aids their language studies, helps them learn about our culture, and provides a home away from home. Also, there are advantages for your family — expanded vision of the world, its cultures, history and religions. If interested, call Steve Mandel, X-2024 or X-4415.

MATRIX, Santa Cruz Womens' newsmagazine focuses each issue on a particular theme. The publication in March will focus on women of ethnic origin. Women interested in submitting articles, personal herstory, poems, photographs or graphics for this issue, please call Deborah Gomez at 426-4178 between 9:30 and 11:30 am, or leave message at Matrix Office, 429-1238.

The Social Science Media Lab is beginning a series of media classes this week which include workshops in color video and still photography. The workshops are designed to train UC students, faculty and staff in the use and operation of media equipment oriented toward academic applications and projects. Two video workshops have already been scheduled: one will meet Monday and Wednesday from 9-11 am, and the other will meet Tuesday and Thursday from 3-5 pm. Other workshops are being arranged individually. All workshops are free and open to the entire UC community. For more information call X-4010 or stop by 47 Kerr Hall.

Francis Jeffrey, computer and brain expert, is being brought to Louden Nelson Community Center at 8 pm, Friday, Jan. 22 by Prism Productions. He will be lecturing on *Computers and Consciousness* as an introduction to a series of up-coming seminars on *The Neuro-Anatomy of the Silicon Revolution: An Unprecendented Approach to the Place and Value of Computers in our Emotional, Intellectual and Spiritual Lives.* For more information about the lecture or seminars, please call Prism Productions: 423-9687 mornings, 724-1951 evenings, or 425-5221 message phone.

The following recruiters will visit UCSC during the first few weeks of the winter quarter:

New College of CA (law school)	Jan 15
Control Data	20
Action/Peace Corps	27
Tandem Computers	Feb 1
Tymshare	2
Radcliffe Publishing, Procedures Course	3
Sytek	5
Ungermann-Bass, Inc.	8
Data General	9
GTE/Sylvaniz	10
Hewlett-Packard	11
BNR	16

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Sharing community—Join us Sunday evening for Ecumenical Protestant fellowship and worship, which begins with a bread and cheese and fruit potluck at 6 pm, Sunday, Jan. 24. All are welcome.

An ecumenical Protestant Bible study will be held, focusing this quarter on the topic of interpersonal relationships. Meet with us Mondays, 7 pm, at Cowell College, Parrington 207. Sponsored by the University Christian Fellowship.

Santa Cruz Holistic Health Center will hold its Grand Opening Celebration the weekend of Jan. 23-24. Hot tub and sauna will be open to the public/$2.00 use fee/Massage Clinic will have special rate of $6.00 for half-hour massage. With massage the hot tub sauna use fee is waived. Center's Grand Opening will be Saturday and Sunday from noon to 10:00 pm. Ten highly-trained and experienced practitioners offer a full spectrum of health services. These include Non-Force Chiropractic, available seven days a week, Colon Therapy, Massage, Ortho-Bionomy, Polarity, Deep Tissue, Herbology and Metabolic Therapy. Hot tub and sauna use will be included with each therapy visit. For more information, 425-7174 or come visit 1700 Mission St.—only a few minutes from campus!

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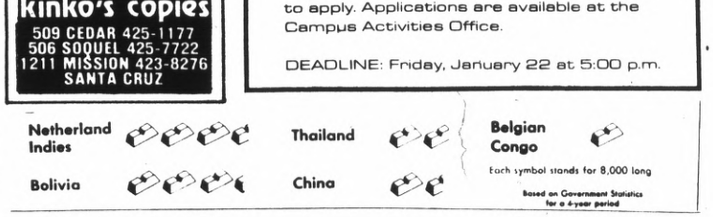
Minority students are strongly encouraged to apply. Applications are available at the Campus Activities Office.

DEADLINE: Friday, January 22 at 5:00 p.m.



Drug Soldiers

by Pat Burnson

A Flag For Sunrise *by Robert Stone. 439 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $13.95.*
"Poor Mexico, so far from God, so close to the United States."—Porfirio Diaz.

The country in Robert Stone's long-awaited new novel, *A Flag For Sunrise* is beset by American presence. But in the fictionalized Central American country of Tecan, the situation more closely resembles Nicaragua under the old regime and the story Stone tells is haunted by the spectre of Vietnam.

People as questions and America as affliction are perhaps Stone's two most prominent themes. The book features a host of intelligence officers who are Vietnam veterans, burned-out cases or "just badly seared," as one of them puts it. Together, and then independently, they discover to just what extent their Asian experience informs life south of the border. In Tecan there exists the same irrational sense of mission by which Americans are consumed when they go about their business anywhere in the underdeveloped world. Anthropologists, missionaries, contractors, gunrunners, deserters, crazies, and druggies all pass through the countryside. And in the shifting combination and permutation of characters, there recurs a silent unacknowledged complicity that they once had worked at the same thing in Vietnam.

Frank Holliwell, an anthropologist, did a job for the "company" in Saigon and has been asked to do it a favor in Central America, where he has gone to give a lecture. Even though he declines the invitation, he comes close to spying all the same, betraying both sides in a war he cannot stay away from. Finally when Holliwell, baffled by his own inconsistencies and prodded by the CIA, finds his spot in the world it is an "outer darkness without friend or faction."

Besides Holliwell, the other chief characters in the novel are Sister Justin, a young American nun, and Pablo, a deserter from the US Coast Guard; all three are delicately and intelligently drawn.

Holliwell is supposed to spy on the nun and the priest who works with her—both of them suspected of revolutionary leanings. The priest, drinking a lot and near the end of his rope, is merely teaching Gnosticism to a group of American dropouts, but the nun is passionately committed to the impending insurrection. Pablo, meanwhile, has been employed by a team of gunrunners on a trip that takes him to the outer limits of his own benzedrine-induced paranoia. People are always "turning him around," Pablo thinks, and his response is a confused, murderous rage. Aside from spying, Holliwell has no other reason for being in this tangled country and barely escapes from it alive.

The revolutionaries, although briefly glimpsed, are memorably pictured. Don Sebastion, a fragile but untiring old hand, and Emilio Ortega, prospective leader of the changed country, discuss strategy and, with sadness but without regret, decide on the death of a comrade who has become an American informer. They seem to be the only characters in the novel who truly know who they are and what they are doing.

Those familiar with Stone's best-selling *Dog Soldiers* will recognize the extremity of his domain. Both novels are populated by people who not only represent American interventions and native conspiracies, but also live in near-perpetual drunkeness, constantly reaching for whatever drugs come to hand.

A Flag For Sunrise is another eminently cinematic story. It has the pace and suspense of a first-class thriller that also catches the shifting currents of contemporary Latin American politics. One suspects that the screenplay is already in production. ✓

A Passage to Peru

by Richard von Busack

Treasures On Earth *by Carter Wilson. 244 pp. New York: Knopf. $11.95.*

UCSC professor Carter Wilson's fourth novel is an entertaining, multi-faceted allegory about colonialism and the love affair between two men, quite rightly compared by Christopher Isherwood to Forester's *A Passage To India.*

Treasures is the story of Willy Hickler, a young, ambitious photographer who accompanies the Yale-National Geographic expedition to Peru in 1911. Yet the love between Willie and Ernesto, the enigmatic Indian who serves as the expedition's guide, is secondary to a more central theme—the damage that first-worlders unintentionally inflict upon a newer, stranger environment. The classic dilemma of the archeologist who enshrines the past yet who is oblivious to the native cultures around him is exemplified by Hiram Bingham, an egotistical, vain man too lost in jealousy to notice the wonders around him. As tensions between Willy and Hiram increase, Willy finds his defenses melting before Ernesto. Though their relationship is never consummated, an unspoken sexual bond grows between them. In time, Willy is as seduced by the pride and dignity of the Peruvians and the spectacular natural beauty of the country as he is by Ernesto. At the book's climax, Willy finds and loses a treasure: he accidentally rediscovers the ruins of Macchu Picchu, the ancient Incan capital, and in doing so, loses his relationship with Ernesto.

The increasing decadence of the expedition as they move up country is expertly contrasted by Wilson to the serenity of the Peruvians. Through passages from Spanish histories of the Conquest, subtle parallels are drawn between the genocide committed by the Spanish and the callousness of the new invaders.

In Wilson's novel, the "treasures on earth" are true sensual rapport with another and innocence (sometimes an element of the former, as it is here), a treasure that "to lose...would be somehow worse than the loss of all the silver and gold on earth." Lean and powerful in parts, lyrical and frankly erotic in others, *Treasures* is an offbeat and mature work by a skilled novelist. ✓

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And the truth will set you free

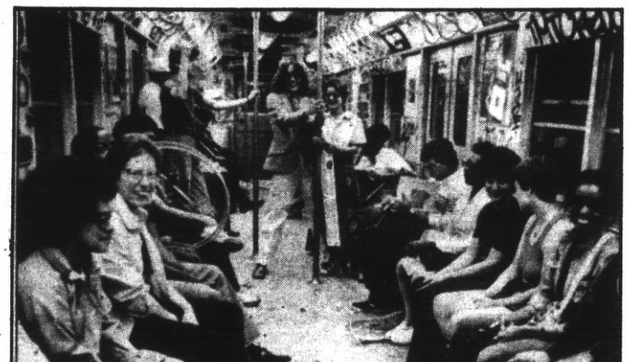
by Sharan Street

True to Life Adventure Stories, Volume Two. *Edited by Judy Grahn. Co-published by The Crossing Press and Diana Press. 1981. 224 pp. $5.95.*

What makes an adventure story exciting? Is it the extraordinary dangers faced by the hero, his deeds of derring-do, or the exotic locales in which the adventurer plies his trade? To feminist author and poet Judy Grahn, the answer is none of the above, at least not for a woman's adventure story. In her latest project, *True to Life Adventure Stories*, an anthology of short stories by women from all backgrounds, she shows that the most important element of an adventure story is courage, the courage it takes to become one's own person in a world filled with false images and lies.

From the first sentence of the first story, this collection of short pieces is as gripping as the best adventure fiction, but the circumstances surrounding the heroines are as mundane as the high school classroom, a mother's kitchen, or a lover's bed. The stories show that there's no greater challenge than the task of getting through life.

In this varied anthology, it is the authenticity of the stories that make them so compelling. "The Lineage of Lines," a story of the etched lines in an ex-con's face, starts the book off with a description so real, so unadorned, that it rings out with the clarity of a gunshot. After the first tale, each story flows along, enthralling and teasing the reader to continue, involving her with characters as real as those sitting on any street corner, each one both a window on the world and a reflection for the reader to see herself in.



The first story in this anthology begins with a description so real, so unadorned, that it rings out with the clarity of a gunshot.

In her introduction, "What a Character *She* Is," Grahn sets the framework for the three-part series (of which this collection is Volume Two), explaining her desire to discover what a woman's adventure story would be like and clarifying for readers the reasons she chose to keep intact the eccentric prose styles of each author. Many of the stories are written by women who didn't, for reasons of race, class, or perhaps inclination, learn the English of the college educated, with its well-behaved nouns, verbs, and punctuation. And after reading the 19 prose and poetry pieces, with their misspellings and unorthodox grammar, Grahn's light touch as an editor is validated, for each piece is styled in a language that fits its own mood and meaning as closely as a woman's skin fits over her body.

And like the voices of the storytellers, which represent women of all ages and backgrounds, the subjects of the stories, when taken together, weave a rich fabric of the woes and wonders of womanhood. The dreariness of prison life, dead-end jobs, child abuse, craziness and drunkenness, and the exhilaration of love and sex, freedom and hope—every piece shines with humor and poignancy, but most of all with courage and a lust for life. From Mary Jo McConahay's docile wife, who astonishes her husband when she walks out on him during a trip through Mexico, to Sharon Isabell's autobiographical working class lesbian who learns the four-syllable words for the injustice she's known all her life, there runs a common thread of revelation, of recognition that the true adventure story is the journey to oneself. And it is the personal nature of that journey that makes each story so unique.

There's also the wonderful feeling of laughing at the ironies of life. In Linda Marie's "Straight Woman," the protagonist joins a group called Women Who Hate War, only to realize her dissatisfaction with men. In one of the passages that explain the title she writes:

> "She wiped her forhead and shifted her breast on the table and I bit my hand because I wanted to grab her breast up and bury my head in them, but straight women don't do those things."

Balancing the humor is the dark anguish of life. In "Pictures From a Family Album," a mother taunts her young daughter, saying:

> "And I gave you every chance. I bit my tongue and I wanted to scream....But I fed you and I changed you and I took you for walks in the stroller...You were like a crab and you were like a squid. You were like all sorts of things. You were like the worst things in the world....You're not even like a person."

The bitterness of the story is almost unbearable, the character inexcusably cruel, but still she is seen with the same light of honesty that shines on all the others.

In fact, honesty is the main point of the anthology. In realistic adventure, victory means finding out the truth. The adventure lies in seeing that your problems are shared by many, and that it's not the problems that make you unique, but the solutions. The common theme of each story is identifying the source of one's oppression and doing something about it. This is most poetically summed up in "Wendy," by Kate Inman, when one young woman tells another of a book she's read:

> "...It talks about how people aren't crazy but the society they don't fit into is crazy. It talks about how if all the craziness in the world went into the Grand Canyon it would fill right up to the brim and almost overflow.
>
> "The crack is in the Grand Canyon, Anne, not in you." ✓

A review copy of True to Life Adventure Stories *was provided by Bookshop Santa Cruz, 1547 Pacific Ave. (at the top of the mall).*

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Magic Mirrors

by Kerry Anna Cobra

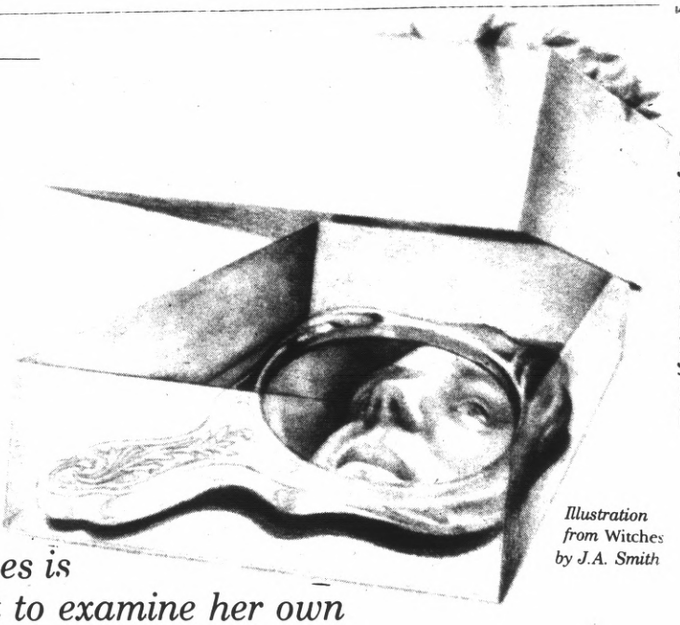

Illustration from Witches *by J.A. Smith*

One thing today's woman can expect to find on the bookstore shelves is encouragement to examine her own roles and possibilities.

According to a local Women's Studies professor, new approaches and new discoveries born of the Women's Movement are bearing fruit in some of the most incisive scholarly work done today. As historians, biologists, political scientists, archaeologists, literary critics, theologians, and art historians—by no means an exhaustive list—pursue their inquiries unshackled from the old assumptions about women's "natural" place in the world, a new vision emerges. It's affected art and poetry powerfully, and begins to make itself felt in social policy, but one aspect of the feminist philosophical revolution that seems as modestly solid and life-sustaining as bread is the vast number of books published for a wider *popular* audience.

What can the "common woman" find today on the bookstore shelves? A recent survey of new books, relatively reasonably priced and aimed at a mass market of women, indicates that one thing she can expect to find is encouragement to explore her own possibilities—with the same skepticism of feminist scholars towards male-centered definitions, and with the same sober faith of many feminist artists in the magic of womanhood.

Among the most delightful of my finds was a just-in-time-for-Solstice, oversized and lavishly illustrated volume called *Witches*, by novelist Erica Jong. Jong is an intelligent and sensitive writer who probably suffers much more premature dismissal than she deserves because of her choice of the blatantly popular idiom, and the concomitant luridness of her publishers' presentation of her work. Her "Isadora Wing" novels, *Fear of Flying* and *How to Save Your Own Life* are sharp, sad, funny, and taste like reality. (If you haven't read both of them yet, do. Especially the latter, in an empty night in July.)

In this coffee table/nursery book, Jong will no doubt suffer the slings and errors of solemn and dubious critics for *Witches'* transparent variation on the success-formula of *Gnomes* and *Fairies*. But it contains a great deal more than the merely cute and commercial, as it invites the reader to a critical view of the history books as well as to witchly respect for woman, nature, and freedom of choice. Like Charlene Spretnak's excellent *Lost Goddesses of Early Greece* (published in 1979), however, the younger reader or the older *connoisseuse* of fairytale and legend would best enjoy *Witches*.

To the older woman, Gloria Frym's recent *Second Stories: Conversations with Women Whose Artistic Careers Began After Thirty-five* shares aspects of fairytale: the hope that becomes real, proceeding through the transformations of conception, imagination, and the spoken or written word. As Frym puts it in an eloquent introduction, *Second Stories* "is a collection of yesses which were once maybes, intersected by versions of no: I can't, I don't know how, I shouldn't, I'm afraid, they won't let me...it is a book about the gap between the will to create and the creation. How," she asks, "are courage and will gathered and applied to desire?"

Even before the reader plunges into the first interview, Gloria Frym's graceful prose, her fresh attempt at describing a meaning for the word "feminism," and her own story of artistic search will have suggested new questions.

In the years I've been a sporadically consistent book reviewer there have been disappointments—not infrequently occasioned by collections with aspirations similar to those of *Second Stories*. But Frym's clean writing style, searching intelligence and choice of subjects, make this book much more than just another book of interviews. From their philosophies of art to their strong self-possession as women to the details of their careers these artists create an informative, challenging, and often surprising picture of where "courage and will applied to desire" may lead.

According to Ann Schaef Wilson, desire can lead as well to certain sticky subsumptions of identity, but acquaintance with her new book, *The Female Reality*, can help. This short, easy-to-read account belies the years of interviews, consultation, research, and review that Wilson, a clinical psychologist, has put into studying women. It would be easy for its breezy tone be taken at times for superficiality, but *The Female Reality* is more than psychology—traditional, pop, or otherwise—it's a shrewd, witty, and always compassionate feminist exploration of the ways women accommodate themselves to the White Male System, described in the first chapter. Relations between men and women, and women and women, are given a fresh going-over; Wilson is fearlessly critical of the subtle ways our minds may be undermined by too much agreeability as well as too much pressure. She offers a number of surprises; among them, frank acceptance of the difficulty of getting along with other women.

Women's relations with clock-time and with abstract math are also considered; in every section, Wilson presents a clear, concise, and gracefully understated picture of women as part of a social structure which also oppresses people of color, gays, children, and seniors, and which needs to be changed.

Female Reality could take its place among self-transformation best-sellers, perhaps, but its politics, practical sanity, and the deep, resounding note in favor of women's spiritual journeying distinguish it in the crowd.

If a brief look at some of the popular-audience books that reflect the magic of womanhood doesn't encourage you, it might encourage your aunt, younger sister, roommate, or friend to find a copy of *Witches, Second Stories* or *Female Reality* as a New Moon present. As far as I'm concerned, these accessible, woman-affirming books, encouraging women from all walks of life and age groups to take a critical look at the structure of society, take contemporary feminism in the right direction—to the women. ✓

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Of Pipe Wisps, Terrorists, and Ink

by David Marcus

Clad in casual yet classy clothes, an elegant blue scarf wrapped about his neck, he spoke easily of terrorists and foreign lands. As he sat there, incessantly puffing on a pipe, he looked like a character from a spy novel. Indeed, Howard Simpson can be found in spy novels, but only on the front cover and title page, for Howard Simpson writes them.

His style is not assumed, though, since Simpson writes from experiences garnered in over twenty years in the United States Foreign Service—a career that took him to the Far East, West Africa, Europe, Australia, and Algeria—a career which, coupled with a keen sense of plot, has enabled him to weave some fine yarns of intrigue. Simpson, from his features with the San Francisco *Chronicle* to his published novels, has found success in writing. A look into Howard Simpson's life can provide an interesting view of a novelist's world, and show the importance of experience in becoming a successful writer.

The author characterized his motive for writing as "a desire through writing, whether it's fiction or nonfiction...to present my reaction to what I see and what I experience. When I wrote my book on Africa [*Assignment For A Mercenary*] there was a lot at that time on Africa that was just overboard on how everything was so great and how everything was going to turn out so beautifully. I had only done two years there, but I had done a thick two years, and so when I wrote it I wanted to put down what I felt about it and show the realities."

Simpson acknowledged the egotism of such a process but said, "there is just so much junk being turned out, you look at something and say 'I can do better than this.' Part of it is having a little confidence in your skill when you are writing and part of it is style too. With the journalistic background I like short sentences and I love descriptions, but not long, long paragraphs."

Simpson, stroking his red beard, told of the importance environment can play in whether or not a writer produces quality work. "We went to Majorca...and I started to write a book [his first]. The house we rented was on the sea with a landing and a row boat...but the distractions of even a little fishing village [made it] pretty hard to just sit down and concentrate. I would sit down to write, but the mail is arriving in a half hour so I would walk into the village for the mail and wait in the village and have a sherry. By the time I had lunch, it would be the afternoon and really too late to work. We only stayed six months and when we left I had about eight or ten chapters [written], and in reality, though there was something in them I used later on, overall they were pretty bad." Such a story many aspiring, yet distracted writers can sympathize with and find hope in, for the prolific Simpson now has five published books to his credit.

Another major yield of Simpson's years in the foreign service are his encounters with "real" characters. Dong, one of the first home-grown battalion commanders in the Vietnamese National Army, is such a character. "Dong was stationed in Nassan...where the Vietnamese, being no dummies, figured if we are going to hit somebody, we are going to hit this outfit, because they have just been put together and don't know exactly who they belong to...but they didn't reckon on having Dong. The night of the big attack...they came walking in on Dong's unit, and got so close that Dong put his howitzers down straight and fired right into them. I was there the day after and it was a bloody mess, but he was sitting there eating a big bowl of Chinese soup with bodies and pieces of bodies all over." Characters like this, Simpson has noted, can be hard to use in fiction, since even in reality they are hard to believe.

But Simpson does eventually find places for most of his outrageous array of eyewitnessed characters, and uses his experiences with them to find the key traits realism requires. "No matter what situation...there are hundreds of people who will never get near anything like them unless they read it in a book. Therefore you try to give them [the situation] as close to reality as possible." The writing styles which can achieve this goal can be varied, though, for as Simpson observes, "you don't have to be a Hemingway realist. Sometimes you can do it more effectively by being more artistic in your presentation."

The writer also stated that it is important not to lose track of your characters, and that sometimes he will sit down and "play out the characters with a paragraph on each one. Everything from what they look like to what they think to how they dress and what they eat." Simpson stressed the importance of such a practice, admitting that he "tends to start writing without doing that [writing character paragraphs] and the next thing you know you have so many characters that not only are you getting lost, but you're sure that whoever is going to be reading it is going to get lost too."

Using characters as dramatic as Dong can also serve a purpose, Simpson noted. "These people exist, rightly or wrongly, whether you like it or not, these are real people. Maybe you can learn to be a little more tolerant and...understand what they are doing, what they have done, and what they want to do."

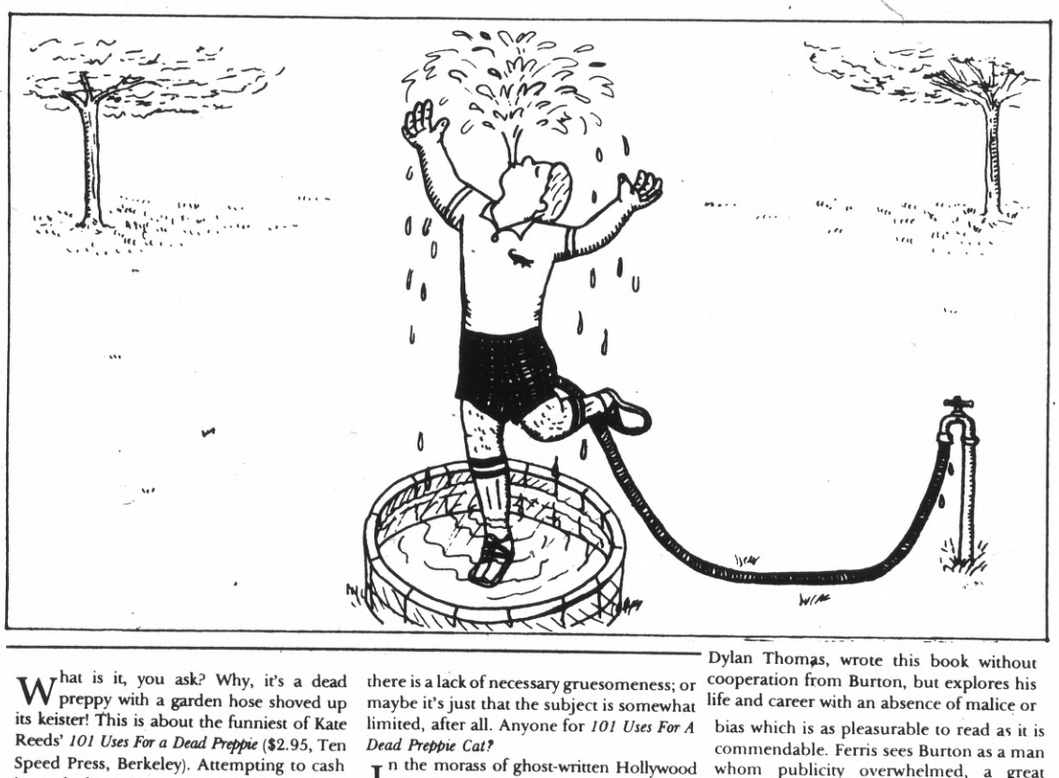
Looking at Howard Simpson, past the books on his desk which included *Terrorism: Threat, Reality, Response* and *The Statesman Yearbook 1977-78*, there was a strong impression that the man's reality and fiction often merge. Perhaps that is what it takes to become a successful author. ✓

Bookends

by Richard von Busack

Christgau's Record Guide *by Robert Christgau. New York: Tickner and Fields, TK pp, $9.95.*

Robert Christgau, first string pop music critic for the *Village Voice*, is one of the best of his whole miserable lot, but his skill in critiquing is more apparent in his longer reviews than in this book, a series of 900 short reviews—grades with narrative evaluations tempered with hindsight (he prudently upgrades *Never Mind the Bollocks* by the Sex Pistols from A- to A). Christgau has the gift of eviscerating a group with a couple of lines, as in the case of *Mirror Stars* by the Fabulous Poodles: "Remember punk rock? Well, this is twerp rock." But Christgau will raise the most hackles by damning records with faint praise—A-for *Sail Away* by Randy Newman? Bt for *Raw Power* by Iggy and the Stooges, a record of such holy clarity and profundity that mentioning it in print is tantamount to sacrilege?! What does this guy like, anyway...The answer is that he has regional prejudice; *Marquee Moon* by the NY group Television, a fine record to play in the background while you wash the dishes, is, he claims, "demotic/philosophical...lyrical and piercing." And he's also a Parliament/Funkadelic buff, so George Clinton's irritating discs are likened to the work of an auteur. Breeding tells. Incidentally, the back cover claims that he "established Linda Ronstadt, Bruce Springsteen, Neil Young and Deborah Harry as superstars." Because of this I'm lowering the original grade from B- to C+.



What is it, you ask? Why, it's a dead preppy with a garden hose shoved up its keister! This is about the funniest of Kate Reeds' *101 Uses For a Dead Preppie* ($2.95, Ten Speed Press, Berkeley). Attempting to cash in on the lucrative non-book field, Reed has outlined more than a hundred uses for the cold, stiff, dead body of a preppie, such as bowling with their heads, using their dismembered arms for candelabras, and playing baseball with their legs as bats. Somehow there is a lack of necessary gruesomeness; or maybe it's just that the subject is somewhat limited, after all. Anyone for *101 Uses For A Dead Preppie Cat?*

In the morass of ghost-written Hollywood autobiographies and scandal-ridden unauthorized sleazebooks, Paul Ferris's *Richard Burton* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $13.95) stands out as a thoughtful, investigative book about the reclusive actor. Ferris, whose last book was a biography of the poet Dylan Thomas, wrote this book without cooperation from Burton, but explores his life and career with an absence of malice or bias which is as pleasurable to read as it is commendable. Ferris sees Burton as a man whom publicity overwhelmed, a great Shakespearean actor and a poor cinema actor who never made the right choices when it came to screen roles. It's immensely difficult to write the biography of a living man, but Ferris has undertaken the task with style and grace. ✓

"Find your master. He'll take you through."

Life of a Poet: From Habit to Buckskin

by Ray Houle

He wears an elkskin vest, a bearclaw necklace, and has doffed his wide-brimmed hat to uncover a mass of gray-white hair. At 69, he has the grizzled western look of an American patriarch, but he says, "I don't feel like one. I feel like the eternal 'puer,' you know, the eternal child."

William Oliver Everson, Poet In Residence at Kresge College and originator of the unique class, "Birth of a Poet," has retired from teaching after receiving a grant from the National Endowment of the Arts. Now, for the first time in ten years, he will return undistracted to his poetry.

Everson first came to national attention as an anarchist and a pacifist poet. He published first from a work camp in Oregon, where he was confined during the World War II as a conscientious objector. After the war he became one of the group of poets that began the San Francisco renaissance.

In 1949 Everson converted to Catholicism and 14 months later entered a Dominican monastery after a religious experience which he described: "Suddenly out of the tabernacle came this illumination, like a black ray. Just pierced through everything! It struck me right in the heart. I collapsed in my pew, my sex sprang up, and I could only gasp at the magnitude and the terror."

Everson "stopped being the anarchist and the bohemian San Francisco poet and dropped from the public's sight." In 1951, when he became Brother Antoninus, "I was glad enough to be away from it," he said.

But six years later, during the San Francisco beat movement of 1957, he re-entered the literary scene and exerted an important influence. "I re-emerged because I identified with the beat generation," explains Everson. "It proclaimed against a triumphant American pragmatism the necessity for mystical vision. As a literary movement it launched Dionysian revolt against pretentious highbrow formalism."

For the next 12 years, Antoninus continued to read his poetry and was active as a counselor. In this way he met and fell in love with Suzanna Rickson. Everson recalled being torn between Suzanna and his monastic vocation for two difficult years, until finally, "on December 7, 1969, I read at UC Davis, and at the end of it I pulled off my habit. It was just like being skinned alive to me. I said that afternoon, 'When I take this off, I take off my natural habitat. This is where I feel the best, and the most myself, and the most complete.' "

Everson married Suzanna, adopted her infant son, Jude, and spent the next two years in Stinson Beach, where he began to study the American Indian: "It was there that I got onto the calling of the charismatic individual in America, the role of the shaman, and adopted the persona of the mountain man."

"The bear necklace comes from my totem animal, which I got very early. I could never see the man in the moon, I could only see a bear there, so from this I took the name Moon Bear."

But Everson, a deeply spiritual man who is still a Catholic, said that he still feels the loss of the monk's habit, which he descibed as "the mantle of the Church. I have never recovered it. These few attempts to get another persona going, you know, with the buckskin...nothing could rival, could equal, that persona of the monk."

In 1971 Everson was offered the position of Poet In Residence at Kresge, UCSC's newest and most radical college. He was 59, had never taught before, and says, "I doubt whether I could have made it in any of the other colleges, but Kresge was wide-open, just starting, and they introduced the encounter group method into the teaching process, which I understood from working at Esalen, so I had the confidence to come."

A normal course would have been for him to teach a writing workshop, but Everson gave aspiring poets this advice instead: "Find your master. He'll take you through. His spirit, the substance of his reflections in his poems, how he met the crises of his life, will teach you how to meet yours. Then sooner or later you will meet a crisis that he didn't have to face out in his life, and then you have to be on your own. That's the point you're delivered from your master. Then you write from yourself."

Everson's own first and "chief" master was Robinson Jeffers. Poet Robert Duncan commented on this disciple-master relationship: "I realized that his vision came from a poetic conversion to the world-view of Robinson Jeffers—not a literary influence, but a conversion of spirit, a deep sense of participation in the world as soul."

Everson wanted to make his students aware of their inner lives. so, borrowing from the monastic retreat, where the retreat master would meditate on various points in the chapel, with the monks sharing the meditation in silence, he made his classroom "a kind of chapel and went through these periods of meditation."

However, even at Kresge meditation was not enough, and the Board of Studies told Everson that he had to have some requirements, something that could be evaluated. Accordingly, he had the students record, study, interpret their dreams, which he believed gave the students a chance to discover their own, personal vocation.

Everson had studied dream interpretation in the monastery. Asked if he still interprets his own dreams, he said, "I don't dream too much at this age of my life, because once you've arrived with yourself and are fairly much at peace with yourself, you live externally more than you do in your dreams."

Everson's meditations focused on his own life, which he explored in a way he called "shamanizing." "It takes a degree of becoming rather than being. You know what that difference is? That's the whole meaning of shamanizing. You step off into an unknown space, just like stepping off the edge of a cliff into water. You've got to start to tread water..."

Judith Minty, poet and visiting professor of creative writing, commented on Everson's shamanizing. "The sense of meditation, the pauses-in-between in his lectures, are really a time for absorbing something out of the inner self, she said. "I know that after not being able to complete a poem for the period that I've been here, I was able to after sitting in and being personally touched by what Everson was doing; I was able to get on with my own work."

Not everyone found the meditations useful. "He told a lot about his personal life," said one student, "but you're just kind of going, 'Well, what does this have to do with anything?' "

But most of the students interviewed said they shared in the meditations in an intimate way. "When he related the story of his life," said Lorena Cassady, "you'd think that would be really personal and it wouldn't apply, but that's actually what applied the most. It seemed like he was talking to me."

Cassady also voiced the one recurring criticism of Birth of a Poet—"that Jung and Everson haven't figured out how all this applies to women."

"He's not much of a feminist," added David Hill, another former student. "He'd say some macho things, but he had a pervasive honesty, and it's hard to be angry with anyone who's being that honest."

In general Everson's course elicited an uncommon appreciation. "He is a deep, intense, and very wise man," said Jerry Dolezal, who also took the class, "and the course made an impression that people will carry for life."

A personal tragedy in the form of Parkinson's Disease struck Everson about five years ago. The disease is immediately discernible as a persistent, and sometimes violent, palsy of the hand; painfully discernible for Everson.

"The big confrontation has been with myself as a platform artist. Mostly I'll stand up in front of the audience and tell them why I'm shaking and leave it up to them as to how they want to handle it. Strangely enough, I get more ovations up there now than I got before the Parkinson's."

"I haven't let it interfere with my poetry position. And I'm even still doing some printing. But sustained hours of prose composition, you know ...I'm just not in a position to do it anymore. It's the difficulty with the typing mostly, but I'm getting better at hunting and pecking."

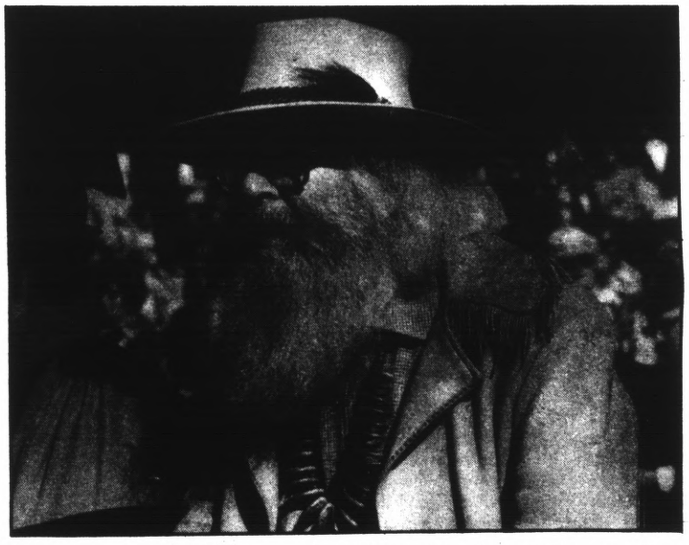
Now Everson leaves the teaching career that he came to so late in life. What did he achieve?

"He opened himself, he risked that," said one student, "because there was something we could learn from that."

Everson hopes that he has led his students "into perspectives on their own psyche, how to enter into their own inner life, how to survive there, and what to make of it. to me that's the thing I've accomplished most. The other things are what it's done for me."

Now he turns inward himself, to the full pursuit of his poetry. The work which Everson refers to as his "first real poem" speaks about making such a transition. As a young man, he could have been writing it to himself with this day in mind:

Do not sing those songs here tonight.
Outside, the buckeye lifts nude limbs against the moon.
Outside, the heavy-winged herons
Are scaling down into the misty reaches of the marsh.
Bitter is the wind,
And a mad dog howls among the withered elderberry on the ridge.
Bitter is the quiet singing of the cricket,
And the silent pools lie black beneath still reeds.
Go away,
Follow the spoor of a wounded buck,
Over the marsh and deep into the desolate hills.
You must never sing those old songs here again.



"Suddenly out of the tabernacle came this illumination like a black ray. It struck me right in the heart, my sex sprang up, and I could only gasp at the magnitude and terror."

Millions want cash, jobs, and a stake in the sheer energy of city life.

Mexico's Outer Cities: Darkness on the edge of town

By the year 2000, half the world's population will live in cities— with the vast majority of urban newcomers packed into slums like Mexico City's giant Netzahualcoyotl. What turns such "misery belts" into magnets for the rural poor is their proximity to the fluid wellsprings of cash now sloshing around the world's great cities, with ripples reaching out even to the inhabitants of garbage dumps like "Netza." Mary Jo McConahay, a PNS associate editor who spent four years working in Mexico, looks into life in the world's largest slum.

by Mary Jo McConahay

Those displaced by the gentrification join the newest arrivals from the countryside, settling at the farthest edge of the old salt lake, starting all over again without lights, water, or roads—endlessly stretching the misery belt.

The world's largest slum is located alongside the jet runways of Mexico City's international airport, at the edge of an old lake bed where a few dead patches of water still shine at sunset.

At this time of day trucks arrive from more prosperous parts of the city to dump mountains of garbage. Young men jump aboard before the vehicles even stop, to grab the best of the trash. Women and girls pore over heaps on the ground, and the very old fill their plastic bags with whatever is left.

There is an established hierarchy and division of labor: One group takes only rags, another only tin. Through an underground network, they will sell what they find.

Today, metropolitan Mexico City has about 17 million people, and it will double again in 20 years. The underside of that celebrated boom is here in "Netza": area 62 square kilometers and growing, population some 3.5 million and exploding. Its people come fom Mexico's poorest states with hopes—like the garbage pickers'—for a piece of the economic action.

When Alicia and Raul Martinez arrived in Netza, they hung strips of cardboard across part of a narrow dirt lot between two existing buildings and called it home. Seven years later, the floor still is dirt, but the Martinez house nonetheless provides a picture of relative progress—the incentive drawing thousands weekly to Netza and other Mexico City slums collectively known as the "misery belt."

Its walls of cement and adobe brick enclose two small rooms and a dark, smoky eating shed. There is furniture now, consisting entirely of five beds for the couple, seven of their children who remain at home, and the infant boy of their 15-year-old daughter. Raul succeeds in finding day labor about once or twice a week, and a teenage son works in the factory making blue jeans. Rabbits and chickens have free run of the house, kept not for food—they are too precious to eat—but because they may bring as much as $2 each when ready to sell.

To the outsider, Netza presents few recognizable signs of the progress that the Martinez family sees in its own experience here. It is impossible to walk in straight lines through the area, for instance, because there is no drainage in the streets of the jerry-built neighborhoods. The low skyline is broken by incongruously tall buildings called "garage hotels," places where men from downtown can bring women friends or prostitutes without fear of being recognized. Municipal services are scanty: The Martinezes only recently supplied themselves with light by tapping into a government-owned line. And because Netza residents don't have cars to transport their own trash to the dump, it stays piled helter-skelter in the streets until it is eaten by dogs or rats, or washed away by the next rain.

Yet incredible as it may seem, for many of those who live in Netza, this stretch of what is arguably one of the globe's most appalling slums also is a landscape of hope.

Pressured by growing population and the conversion of farms that once fed them into cash croplands or sources for export production, the Martinezes and millions like them throughout the developing world simply could not make a living in the countryside where they were born. They want jobs, they want cash, they want a stake in the sheer energy of city life for themselves and their children.

According to a report by the World Bank, in 1975 only 39.3 percent of the world's population lived in cities; by the year 2000 that number will jump to 51.5 percent. Because the Third World is urbanizing at a rate three to four times faster than the advanced countries, most of the earth's new city-dwellers will live in shantytowns or extended peripheral slums such as Netza.

"We had nothing when we came here, now look...," said Alicia Martinez proudly.

A small, dark, exceptionally courteous woman, Alicia playfully calls her eight country-born children "little Indians," a mildly disparaging term. But she calls the children and grandchildren born in Netza "Mexicanos." Beyond the joke is a clear perception that urban is better, that family won't go home again.

"We couldn't if we want to because of the children," she said. "All of them are city people now."

Despite the 3.5 million persons who live in Netza, however, Alicia admitted that life is lonely. There are no natural congregating places such as water wells or plazas as there were in the village. And since residents are from countless towns all over Mexico, they are more often suspicious of each other than willing to start a conversation.

"Who knows where my neighbors are from?" asked a woman originally from the state of Michoacan, southwest of Mexico City: "They are not from Michoacan."

Before dawn, floods of workers—and those among the 45 percent of the population who have no jobs but are looking for work—leave this "dormitory city" to make their way into the capital, not to return until late at night. Thus, many residents see Netza in daylight only on Sundays.

Not everyone shares the presumption of progress with people who built the first squatters' huts. Those who were born here and those whose expectations have gone sour maybe more likely to see Netza as a landscape of despair.

Across the muddy "street" from the Martinez household lives Alicia's 22-year-old daughter, Maria Teresa. Three years ago Maria Teresa returned to her 8-month-old son at 4 o'clock in the morning from a night job at the Merced, downtown Mexico's giant marketplace. Tired from work and travelling, Maria Teresa slumped over as she nursed her infant and smothered him.

"When I ran next door the baby was still warm, but it was too late," siad Margaret Navarro, a Roman Catholic nun and health worker from Cincinnati, Ohio, who has lived next door to the Martinez family since they moved in. "Worse, everyone was screaming at Maria Teresa, 'Murderer!' And her face showed she believed it."

The time may not be far off, however, when some residents turn their blame and frustrations outward. Despite fears and indignities, migrants to the misery belt have come to get their hands on money, and it is frustration in the quest for cash that is most likely to spark rebellion.

"Everything is more expensive here—food is higher than the 'established maximum price to the public' and in the pharmacies you'll see how overpriced the medicines are," said Navarro. "It's been a take-it-or-leave-it situation."

Yet in September, when private owners of Netza's rickety, overcrowded buses raised fares by 44 percent, making them more expensive than downtown's slek fleet and threatening their passengers' marginal budgets, people rebelled. Spontaneous demonstrations occurred and 30 buses were burned to hulks.

"There have been fare hikes before when nothing like this happened," said a religious worker who has tried unsuccessfully to organize community awareness and improvement groups. "It seems that when people get fed up, they'll take matters into their own hands."

Ironically, many who homesteaded the misery belt, earned enough to improve their ramshackle homes, and live in neighborhoods where the government finally has begun to install services, now are being forced to move—pushed out by a local version of "gentrification." Taxed beyond what they can afford for the services, they are selling or losing their homes to people from Mexico City. As home prices soar in the city proper, low- and moderate-income Mexicans are coming to the outskirts, even to Netza.

Those displaced in Netza join the newest arrivals from the countryside, settling miles beyond the airport at the farthest edge of the old salt lake, starting all over again without lights, water or roads—endlessly stretching the misery belt. ✓

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OPINION

Rent Control

There's no speculation on the facts

by William Constantine

The story of Ricardo, a moderate income tenant, illustrates the need for rent control in Santa Cruz. Ricardo lives in a small unit on property owned by an absentee corporation and managed by a professional property management agency. His unit is not up to city building codes; its gas heater is inoperable, window panes are missing from its kitchen, the wood around the sink has rotted away, and it is infested with mice and cockroaches. The absentee corporation owns every unit on the entire city block where Ricardo lives, and most of them fail to meet city building codes. Several of the units have no heat at all; in one, the tenant illegally installed a gas heater posing an extreme fire hazard to other residents. In another, several windows that rotted out have been replaced by pieces of plastic stapled to the outside of the house.

Everyone on this block recently received rent increases of $100 or more. Ricardo's rent was doubled. He complained and was told that there was nothing he could do about it, that the owners had the right to raise rents as much as they wanted, and that if he was going to pay the increase he would be evicted. He then protested that if he was going to pay the increased rent he at least wanted to have repairs made to bring his unit up to code. The management agency told him that the corporation that owns his unit didn't want to hold on to it much longer, that they plan to sell the entire block soon, and that therefore they didn't want to spend money improving their units. He was then told that if he didn't like the conditions of his unit he could move—there were plenty of other tenants who would rent his place as is.

Ricardo does not live in the ghettos of Watts or Oakland; he is a UCSC student and the block just described is located in downtown Santa Cruz. The problems of Ricardo and his neighbors show that rent control and other tenant protections are needed in Santa Cruz to combat spiraling rents and intolerable living conditions caused by growing speculation in the rental market. Rental speculation in Santa Cruz has driven rents up more than 60 percent since 1978. This increase is driving whole groups of people out of Santa Cruz. The elderly population of Santa Cruz, for example, has dropped from 30 percent in 1960 to only 16 percent in 1980.

To understand how rent control would curb rent increases and other ill effects of speculation, it is necessary to understand the economics of rental unit investment. A speculator's profits come from three principal sources. First of course, rents alone are usually sufficient to provide a profit after the payment of all operating and financing expenses.

Second, the tax laws provide a number of benefits, including depreciation. A property owner is allowed to deduct a percentage of depreciation on his or her buildings each year from taxes even though their value is going up rather than decreasing. When the building is sold, at a higher price than it was bought for, the new owner is allowed to start depreciation tax deductions all over again, even though the original owner fully depreciated the building already. This serves as an incentive to invest money in rental units, hold them for a few years, get the tax advantages, then sell them at an inflated price and start all over again. Thus rental units are passed back and forth between different speculators like hot potatoes, causing rents and housing prices to skyrocket with each sale. The speculator makes a tax killing and the tenants foot the bill through rent increases.

Third, substantial profits are realized when speculators refinance or sell their units. Refinancing works like this: A speculator buys a building for, let's say, $100,000 with $20,000 down and an $80,000 loan. After several years the building is worth $120,000 and the principal outstanding on the loan is reduced to $60,000 thanks to the tenant's monthly checks. The speculator then refinances the building by taking out a new mortgage for, say, $100,000. He pays off the $60,000 still left on the loan and pockets the $40,000, in effect cashing in the equity his tenants built up for him, plus part of the gain from the building's rise in value. He pays no capital gains tax on the $40,000 profit because it is in the form of a loan rather than the proceeds from a sale. And because he still owns the building, he continues to receive his month-to-month profits from rents and retains title to future increases in value. The only problem is that he must make higher payments on his new larger loan, but again, this is easily solved by raising the rent.

Speculators make even more profit when they sell their units and use the proceeds to buy new ones. Some rental units are sold several times in a couple of years. Each sale is accompanied by a rent increase reflecting the higher financing cost. Additionally, since the value of a rental unit is determined by the income it provides, rents are increased even more to maximize the price when the building is again resold.

This analysis shows how speculation is pushing rents up far higher than increases in the costs of operation and maintenance. It explains the huge increases in Ricardo's and his neighbors rents and the reluctance of his landlord to engage in repairs.

To solve this problem the Santa Cruz Housing Action Committee (SCHAC) is proposing a "Fair Rent" ordinance. This ordinance would allow landlords to raise rents each year to cover operating and maintenance costs and to provide a fair return on investment, but it would prohibit excessive rent increases used to finance speculation. Thus local landlords who are not involved in speculation and who are charging reasonable rents would be allowed to continue with business as usual and could increase their rents to cover costs and make a healthy profit. Excessive speculative increases would, however, be curtailed.

Since money paid as rent to speculators flows out of Santa Cruz as bank loan payments or profits to out of town investors, rent control will help the Santa Cruz economy in general, because savings on rent will be spent by the tenants in Santa Cruz. Rent control in Santa Monica, for example, saved tenants over $30 million dollars in one year alone. This money went back into local economy through consumer spending rather than leaving the community. Thirty million dollars in consumer spending creates a lot of jobs.

Rent control and other tenant protections are needed in Santa Cruz to combat spiraling rents and intolerable living conditions caused by growing speculation in the rental market.

The Santa Cruz City Council will hold hearings on rent control at the Santa Cruz Civic Center (307 Church St.) on February 2nd at 7:30 pm. The rental speculators are well organized and financed (with your dollars) to defeat rent control and will be out en masse at these hearings. They have a lot to lose. To counter their dollar power, tenants of Santa Cruz are going to have to show up in large numbers. Please attend these hearings if you care about affordable housing in Santa Cruz. ✓

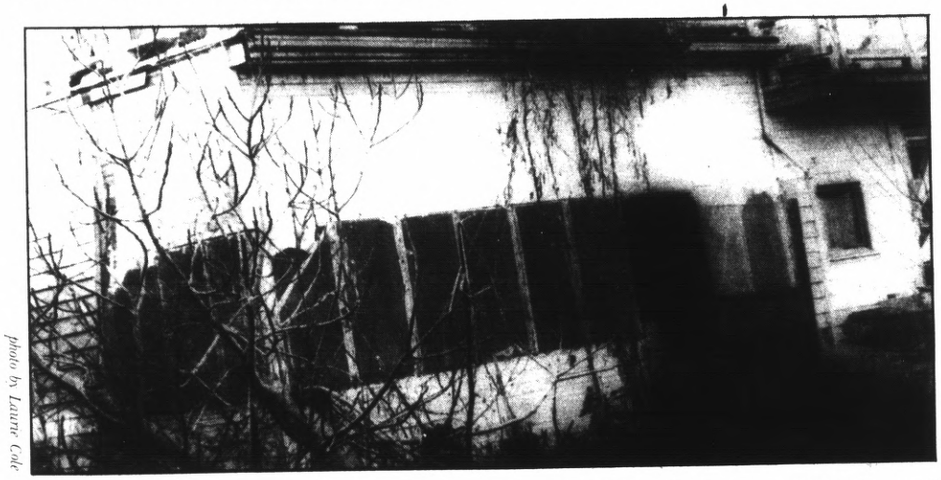

photo by Laurie Cole

How Rent Control Will Work In Santa Cruz

—A seven member Rent Control Board will be appointed by the City Council to regulate rent increases in the City of Santa Cruz.

—Rents will be rolled back to their October 31, 1981 level and temporarily frozen.

—Within two months, and once a year thereafter, the Rent Control Board will make an across-the-board adjustment of the ceiling on rents. Rents will be allowed to increase by the same amount as landlords' costs in providing rental housing have increased—not by whatever amount the market will bear.

—Individual landlords and tenants can petition the Board for adjustments above or below the annual general increase based on the circumstances of their particular case. The board will hear each petition on a case by case basis.

—Landlords will be guaranteed sufficient increases to cover their costs and provide a fair return from their property. Unjustified and exorbitant increases and increases caused by speculation will not be permitted.

—Tenants will be protected from arbitrary and unjust evictions.

—Landlords will not be permitted to remove units from the rental market except in special circumstances, to prevent their threats to use our homes for blackmail. ✓

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DEAR BARBARA

Dear Barbara,

Now that this rough quarter has started, I am snorting cocaine more often than usual. Besides the invigorating highs I experience, are there any other effects I should be aware of?

Toot

Dear Toot,

Here is more info on cocaine. I've arranged it under the following headings: Routes, The High, Tolerance and Addiction, Pharmacological Actions on various organ systems, Cocaine Poisoning, Death, and Politics.

Routes: Most users snort, that is, sniff or toot cocaine in white powder form by way of the nose; others "pop" it (subcutaneously); a few "shoot" it (intravenously); some eat it.

The High: The person taking cocaine does so in order to feel better. He/she, if successful in reaching a "high," does feel elated, euphoric, and capable of mental and physical accomplishments beyond what the person normally can achieve. He/she feels a decrease in hunger, an increase in pain tolerance, and relief from fatigue and depression. These effects all last for only a few minutes. Accordingly, the user often takes still more as he/she tries to sustain the high and to ward off depression. If the person overdoses, he/she experiences the effects of a poisonous amount of cocaine. See below.

Tolerance and Addiction: Since cocaine is metabolized fast, the high lasts a very short time. The person may develop a craving for higher doses at ever shorter intervals. Peruvians use cocaine for years without addiction. In our culture addiction does occur, particularly when emotional needs are met by taking the drug, i.e., cocaine used as an antidepressant or as a substitute for a loving relationship.

Some Pharmacological Effects

1. **Central Nervous System** (CNS): Cocaine effects people mainly through the CNS—first the brain, then downward through the spinal cord. Accordingly, the initial effects are increased talkativeness and excitement. In small amounts the drug increases muscular power and coordination; in large amounts, it causes tremors, convulsions, confusion, and hallucinations. Since the medulla is affected, the respiratory rate increases and respirations become shallow. Higher doses cause irregular breathing patterns. See Poisoning below.

2. **Cardiovascular System**: In small amounts cocaine stimulates the vagus nerve, which decreases the heart rate. In larger amounts the drug causes central and peripheral changes that increase the heart rate and blood pressure.

3. **Body Temperature System**: Because of direct action on central heat-regulating centers, as well as action causing vaso-constriction and muscular activity, the body temperature goes up.

4. **Respiratory System**: People who snort cocaine sometimes develop a hole in the nasal septum.

Acute Cocaine Poisoning: Most of the symptoms result from excessive stimulation of the nervous system. Hallucinations often develop. The person becomes garrulous, sometimes suspicious, combative and dangerous. His/her temperature rises fast. He/she may develop convulsions and stop breathing...then die.

Death: Most deaths from cocaine poisoning are respiratory. Some, particularly among the few people who shoot cocaine, are cardiac deaths: the heart muscle cannot survive the direct action of high levels of cocaine.

Politics: Since cocaine is abundant and low-cost in other countries, the high cost of cocaine in this country means that people who buy cocaine are contributing to some big money makers, big and illegal. Lots of hungry, poor people lose their lives in the work of trying to get cocaine into this country for those in a position to make lots of money from the drug. Buying cocaine supports the economics and politics of this situation.

Dear Barbara,

My friend is very much in love with her boyfriend. The other day I saw him in a very cozy posture with another woman. He didn't see me. I know this would break her heart, but I can't decide whether or not to tell her. Would you?

Indecisive

Dear Indecisive,

No. Certainly not. Uh-uh. Decidedly not. No. Definitely not. No.

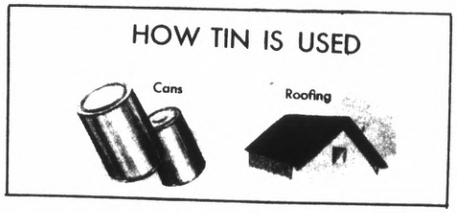
□■□■□■□

***Dear Barbara** is Barbara Shipley, MD, a Student-Health Psychiatrist. If you have questions, you may send them to her at Cowell Health Center, UCSC. Mark the envelope CONFIDENTIAL. In case your letter is printed, indicate whether or not you want your name included.* ✓

BIGGER, BETTER, AND A LITTLE LATER

That's what's happening at *City on a Hill*. Colorful new covers, hot new graphics, spiffy layout, and more late-breaking stories have all led us to push up our publication time. Don't go into withdrawals, City on a Hill will still be out on the streets by Thursday, just a little later.

As a service to our readers, *City on a Hill* is running a Thursday to Thursday calendar and printing any announcements for Thursday events a week in advance. The deadline for announcements is 12 noon on the Tuesday preceding publication.



UCSC COMMITTE ON ARTS AND LECTURES

WINTER EVENTS '82

Season of Discovery

January 23

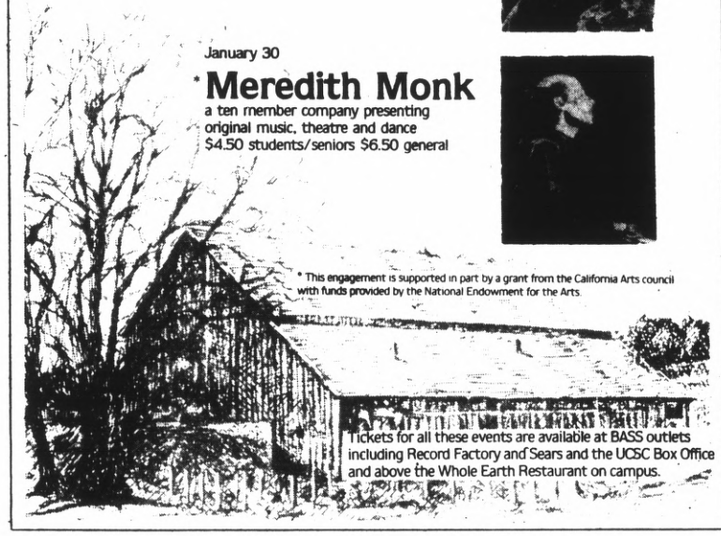
The Klezmorin

an evening of old world cabaret and jazz
$4.50 students/seniors $6.50 general

January 30

Meredith Monk

a ten member company presenting
original music, theatre and dance
$4.50 students/seniors $6.50 general



* This engagement is supported in part by a grant from the California Arts council with funds provided by the National Endowment for the Arts.

Tickets for all these events are available at BASS outlets including Record Factory and Sears and the UCSC Box Office and above the Whole Earth Restaurant on campus.

If you are interested in how students can have input to UCSC decision-making, you won't want to miss this forum:

STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN CAMPUS GOVERNANCE

. . . a panel discussion of the proposal* regarding the role of students in UCSC governance . . .

WITH

- *Chancellor Robert Sinsheimer*
- *Provost John Dizikes*
- *Academic Senate Representative Michael Cowan*
- *SBPC Representative Fred Civian*
- *Timothy Barncastle-Hill, co-author of spring, 1981 student proposal*
- *Bruce Moore, Director of Student Services – moderator*

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1982
3:30 – 5:00 p.m.
PORTER COLLEGE DINING HALL

*Copies of the proposal are available at College Offices, Graduate Division Office, Graduate Boards of Study, Campus Activities Office, Student Services Office, and the Chancellor's Office, and will also be available at the panel discussion.

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WOMEN'S CLIPS

Isn't it great to be living in a democratic country where equal rights are guaranteed for all? Where women take an equal part in all aspects of life? Certainly it's better than living in Alexander Haig's latest officially designated threat to the free world, godless communist Nicaragua. According to a recent report in the New York *Times*, in the last two and a half years the country's socialist government has abolished all laws considered by Nicaraguans to discriminate against women. Particularly of interest to those of us living in this land of the free (enterprise, that is) is a new measure banning the "commercialization" of women, which will mean, in the words of one Nicaraguan feminist, that advertisers "can't sell beer and tires anymore with women's legs."

In a related story, the Justice Department urged the Supreme Court to void on technical grounds a ruling by a lower court which held that the extension of the deadline for passage of the ERA was unconstitutional, and that states might rescind their votes for passage. Meanwhile, in Oklahoma, the State Senate last week rejected passage of the Equal Rights Amendment by a vote of 27 to 21. Elsewhere, the ERA was voted out of committee to the floor of the Georgia House of Representatives, and in Illinois, the measure is before the State Senate. Strange that a socialist government can do in two years what this country has failed to do in 200. Could there be some connection?

—●—

In Spokane, Washington, local feminists are demanding the resignation of a rape squad officer seen wearing a T-shirt that read "Lay Back And Enjoy It." Richard Olberding, head of the city's rape squad, used those words when a reporter asked him what advice he had for female victims of sexual assaults. Olberding was later photographed wearing the shirt at a police guild party. After the incident, the Spokane Chapter of the National Organization for Women called for Olberding's resignation. Police Chief Robert Panther, however, says he considers the matter closed after verbally reprimanding Olberding.

—●—

Colleges and universities across the United States have witnessed a dramatic increase in rape cases since 1972, according to an FBI spot survey of 107 schools. The study shows that on-campus assaults on women rose by 55 percent between 1975 and 1980. It's hard to understand where male students learn this kind of behavior. Perhaps Offier Olberding would like to comment...

—●—

Tired of the diaphragm? Several new methods of birth control may soon be out on the market within the next few years. Clinical tests start this month on a battery-powered, bedside computer, which is said to chart a woman's fertility cycles by recording her body temperature. When the woman is not fertile, the computer displays a green light. Two other companies, meanwhile, are working on birth control skin patches. The patches, about the size of a quarter, deliver drugs through the pores of the skin to prevent pregnancy. Also being tested are tiny silicone tubes, which are used to seal a woman's fallopian tubes. If the plugs win Federal Drug Administration approval, they may be on the market by 1983.

—●—

Three Washington professors are examining the use of pennyroyal oil as a method of inducing miscarriage. A mint-flavored herb used in candies and ice cream, pennyroyal is well-known among herbal enthusiasts for its ability to induce natural abortions, but the dangers of overdose have prevented widespread use of the method. In recent years, one death from the substance was recorded by the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, and also there have been reports of kidney damages with large doses. Chemist Sidney Nelson says the problem with the oil is "We don't know how much is too much." Nelson and his colleagues are doing research with mice to determine "how good an abortive agent [the oil] really is," and how toxic the substance is to the fetus.

—●—

If you're suffering from heart disease, you might want to skip your doctor and go straight to your nurse. A Canadian study has found that nurse practitioners are better than doctors at getting heart patients to change their health habits. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that nurses' heart patients lost six pounds on the average, while the doctors' patients put on an average of two and a half pounds. The patients who received nurses' care also had lower blood pressure.

—●—

Nurses in San Jose didn't need the *Wall Street Journal* to tell them that they were working as hard as doctors—and getting much less money. The nurses, who have been out on strike since January 5, believe that their work is undervalued because it is performed mostly by women. Like the city's municipal workers strike of last summer, the nurses are striking for comparable wages with equivalent male-dominated job categories. The nurses have adopted the wages earned by pharmacists as their comparable pay goal, and Maxine Jenkins, chief negotiator for the California Nurses Association, explained the move: "As long as we compare depressed wages of one group of nurses to depressed wages of other nurses...nurses' salaries will remain in the swamp."

The comparison between pharmacists' and nurses' wages is instructive. Jenkins says pharmacists make between $31,000 and $36,000 per year. By contrast, the base pay for most of the striking nurses ranges between $20,000 and $24,000 annually. The CNA is asking for a 25 percent wage increase in the first year of a new contract.

Hospital president Rodney Aymond, in the meantime, has questioned the use of pharmacists' salaries as a guideline, noting that nurses can obtain their licenses after two years of college while pharmacists require five years.

Both sides are reportedly predicting a lengthy battle over nurses' demand for comparable pay.

—●—

All worked up over the latest women's issues and need to talk to other women? There's a perfect outlet—the Women's Coffeehouse, where this Saturday there will be an evening of music with Susan Kaufman, Debra Kaufman, and friends, featuring original music and scenes from a rock opera-in-progress. The doors of the Coffeehouse will open at 8 pm for women to gather, talk, and enjoy refreshments, and the performance will begin at 8:30. Tickets are a mere $1.50, so be there for an evening of women's voices.

—●—

If you think you have problems, think how it must have been back in the Dark Ages. No, not the dark ages of the Nixon administration, but the real Dark Ages, when men were men and women were executed as witches. Next Thursday (Jan. 28) at 4 pm, Dr. Marjorie Wade, professor of German from the California State University, Sacramento, will give a talk about "Women in Medieval Society," which will deal with women's roles in the period of King Arthur's reign. The talk, part of Cowell Culture Break, will be held in the Cowell Fireside Lounge, and is free to all.

—●—

There's still time to plan to come to the Santa Cruz YWCA Annual Membership Meeting to be held at Louden Nelson Center, so start planning. The meeting, which will be a brunch at 11 am this Saturday, will feature community and YWCA appreciation awards, and a look at Women Moving Forward Together. Cost for brunch is $5; reservations can be made at the YWCA, 303 Walnut Ave., or call 426-3062.

—●—

Also a message from our sister publication, *Matrix*. The next issue of the monthly feminist newspaper will be devoted to Third World Women, and submissions such as articles, essays, critical reviews, photography, or poetry are welcome and urgently needed. In addition, *Matrix* is looking for participation by women of color to help edit and paste-up the paper. They ask that material be sent or dropped by *Matrix*, 418B Cedar Street, SC, 95060. For those interested in writing or publishing the paper on a regular basis, please call Deborah Gomez at 429-1238 and leave a message with your name and phone.

—●—

That's it for the women's section this week, but there's one important thing to remember. This is your section, and *City on a Hill* is eagerly looking for new women writers who want to take a poke at male supremacy with the sharp point of a well-wielded pen. Even if you haven't had any journalism experience, don't let that stop you. All it takes is a little work, and you'll find yourself on these pages also. Get going! ✓

—Sharan Street

Quote of the Week

"I sometimes wish I could be as shallow as Louise Bryant. Life would be so much simpler."

Emma Goldman wrote the above in a letter to a friend. Goldman, whose catty accounts of Bryant included the contention that the Reds *heroine "was never a Communist, just slept with one," exemplifies the bitter truth that sisterhood doesn't always come easy, even among "political" women. Other statements by Goldman, such as the claim that "middle-class girls [like Bryant] certainly give nothing to radical political movements...and [become] unfit wives and mothers" may indicate that these two sisters' difficulties had to do with a brother.*

If you want to see the* City on a Hill *Women's Section alive again...turn around, slowly, pick up your phone and call 429-2430 for your next instructions.

We need a few brave women to write captivating news, reviews, and commentary. This issue's female-oriented copy was kidnapped to the literary supplement, alive and well on page 13.

Bocage

Recreation/Bike Maintenance Class/ Taught through demonstration and assisted work on your own bike. For more info and advance sign-up, call OPER office/Every Wednesday, 7-9 pm, Activity Building, East Field

28 Thursday

☐movies

ELEPHANT MAN 8 AND 10 pm, Stevenson Dining Hall/ $2.00 general, $1.50 Stevenson students

☐concerts

"Sukay," Music of the Andes. A wide variety of flutes, pipes, drums and other instruments used to present the traditional music of South America/8:30 pm, Kresge Town Hall/Free

☐lectures

Global Feminism Series/ Martha Graham: "Women and the Cuban Revolution," a slide presentation and talk sponsored by the Women's Studies Collective/2-3 pm, Kresge 159/Free

Topics in Photobiology/"Light Regulation of Enzymes"/4 pm, Thimann Lab 297/Free

The Merrill World Studies Table will feature Jacqui Chagnon and Roger Rumpf, American Friends Service Committee Field directors for Lao and Viet Nam, who will give a talk on "Post War Laos: Cultural and Social Changes since 1975"/ 6-8 pm, Merrill Baobob Lounge/ Free

☐sports

UCSC Open Table Tennis Singles Tournament/Bring your paddles down to the East Gym and try our our two new tables for an evening o great tournament play. Sign up nov at the IM office/8-11 pm, East Fieldhouse/Free

☐miscellaneous

Brown Bag Lunch Series/Topics include money management, credit for education, finance and education/ 12 noon to 1:00 pm, Women's Re-entry Center, Classroom Unit Bldg, Room 101/Free

Cowell College Culture Break/ Lecture by Dr. Marjorie Wade, Professor of German at Cal State, Sacramento: "Women in Medieval Society"/4 pm, Cowell Fireside Lounge/Free

Art Show Reception/"All I Got-All I Done": Senior Art Show of Mark Grayson Williams - drawings, photos and more. Slide show/movie night, with reception following/8:30 pm, Porter College Dining Hall Gallery/Free (This exhibit will run thru February 2, 6 pm-12 am nightly)

☐miscellaneous

Cowell Culture Break College Night/ This year's theme is King Arthur's Cort/7:15 pm, Cowell Dining Hall/ Free

Recreation/Gentle Oils Workshop/ A session of play and learning about preparation of natural herbal and scented massage and body oils, herbal body scrubs and basic techniques of natural body care. Sign up in advance in the PE Office/ 7-9 pm, Crown-Merrill Recreation Room/$2.00

Recreation/Astrology Workshop/ Introduction to the interpretation and awareness of astrology. New concepts, terminology, personality triad, the newspaper horoscope, the planets and chart interpretation. Please register in advance and give your birth date, time and place/7-10 pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge/$3 includes astrological chart.

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Special Extension due to disaster:

All monies must *be in* by Feb. 1.

Winter Quarter	~~Dec. 1 – Jan. 22 '82~~
Spring Quarter	March 22 – April 16 '82

Your insurance packet is available at your college office. Complete the entire form and take it with your check to the Health Center reception desk.

AFTER THE DELUGE

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	Reg	Sale
Clothing:		
Black Cotton 4 pkt. Fatigues	~~$15.95~~	$11.95
Levi Wide Wale Cords	~~21.50~~	15.00
Tweed Knickers	~~38.50~~	24.50
1944 Japanese Army Jackets	~~21.50~~	5.00
Assorted Shirts		10% to 50% off
Black and Grey Sweatpants	~~8.98~~	5.00
Wool Ragg Scarves	~~10.95~~	7.50
All Wool Sweaters		10% to 40% Off
Assorted Jackets		10% to 40% Off
Housewares:		
Aladdin Lamps Glass Base	~~39.50~~	29.50
Aladdin Lamps Metal Base	~~52.50~~	39.50
Copco Clay Cookware		2 Pieces For 10.00
Glass Fish Platters	~~5.58~~	3.58
Wine Glasses	~~2.25~~	1.88
Fold Out Canvas Chairs	~~155.00~~	99.00
Plastic River Geese	~~8.95~~	5.00
Sisal Rugs		50% Off
Italian Storage Jars		30% Off

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ARTS

photo by Martha Pearson

In the Heart of Darkness from Minamata to Falkland Road

by Lois Nelson

So you think you're a pretty good photographer? Well, the Sesnon Gallery's current two-person exhibit could be enough to make you want to throw your camera far out into the ocean. Or it might encourage you to pack up for far-away lands such as Japan or India, the places shown in the visual journey recorded by two highly respected American photojournalists, W. Eugene Smith and Mary Ellen Mark. In these two separate photoessays, Smith and Mark employ very different methods of working with their cameras to make strong individual statements.

Eugene Smith spent three years in a small Japanese fishing village where many people had suffered an irreversible disease of the nervous system. His photoessay, "Minimata," bears the name of that village. In India, Mary Ellen Mark portrays with her camera the lives of those who live in a "separate world," one not visited by the tourists who see only from the vantage point of the guided tour. She spent six weeks in this world and the result is the photo story of "Falkland Road: Prostitutes of Bombay."

Although both works are photojournalistic, each done with compassion and a consistency of quality and style, and both appear together at the Sesnon Gallery, there is little else that connects them. The most obvious difference is that the Smith series is done in black and white, while Mark has chosen to work in color, very often using the additional light of electronic flash.

Smith's involvement in the place and its people is far-reaching and deep. More than merely a look at the people of a foreign place and culture, Smith is clearly and powerfully displaying the results of the mysterious disease that began to affect many people of Minimata during the 1950s. Undiscovered for almost a decade, the cause was determined in 1959 to be the mercury wastes discharged into the fishing waters—the Shiranue Sea—from which the people of Minimata took the fish that constituted a major part of their diet. These mercury wastes were being dumped by the Chisso Chemical Company, which employed many of the townspeople. For that reason, the town-company conflict was compounded and the livelihood of many endangered when accusations were finally stated.

Although proof of the mercury poisoning was established in 1959 by a doctor in charge of the Chisso company hospital, the company concealed this evidence and continued to dump the mercury wastes for another nine years. This not only poisoned the water; it also poisoned the food chain. The disease which resulted came to be known as "Minimata Disease." Passed to unborn children through mothers who were carriers, the disease has killed at least 100 people. By 1981 the count of those affected was 2,403.

It was not until 1969 that the families of the afflicted sought legal redress of those who suffered from slurred speech, impaired movement, or total crippling.

During the subsequent trial the Smiths traveled to and lived in Japan. Smith's presence in Minimata at that time, recording protests against the Chisso Factory officials, was seen as an additional threat in the already tense situation. The confrontations were bitter, and Smith was severely beaten by Chisso Union men—at the order of the company. He received severe injuries, and his camera equipment was destroyed.

Smith's observation on the nature of angry confrontation is posted with the photos in Sesnon Gallery: "When victims sue, when victims protest, when a desperate move causes public disruption of the status quo, it becomes terribly easy to reverse the roles of the protaganists. Too often it is quite easy to believe that those who seek justice after being injured are the victims." However, when first entering the gallery it is not possible to realize the extent of the story that is being introduced.

"When victims sue, when victims protest... it becomes terribly easy to reverse the roles of the protagonists."

The first photographs of "Minimata" are rather quiet, passive views of Japanese people at work netting fish, scenes with a newspaper "travel section" charm that give no warning of the anguish and distress that is to come.

As the tragedy unfolds, the dynamic of certain key photographs is given added emphasis by the size of some prints—about 2-½ X 3 feet—so that the grain of the print seems visually to take on an electrical tension. In one photograph of the protest rally, this effect intensifies the sense of activity and motion, so that the images almost seem to leap out of the picture with a power impossible in a book-sized print. The often-reproduced photograph of Tomoko Uemura being bathed, although exquisite in any size, is almost overwhelming.

In a collection of prints so powerful, these two oversized prints stand out as extraordinary comments on industry's blatant, malevolent disregard of the results of its killing pollution. Beyond recording images, Smith has captured the horror of the Minimata tragedy.

Edward Steichen has stated: "The art of photography is a dynamic process of giving form to ideas and explaining man to man." By this definition, Smith can be called a master artist.

Since Smith's death in October, 1978, his widow, Aileen Mioko Smith, has worked with Jeanne Finley at the University of Arizona at Tucson to select prints for this exhibit. Finley, a 1976 graduate of College V, is the Curator for the University of Arizona's Center for Creative Photography. The Center's archives also house the negatives, contact sheets, correspondence, and notes of Smith and many other American photographers, including Ansel Adams, Wynn Bullock, Harry Callahan, Aaron Siskind, and Frederick Sommer.

An admirer of Smith, Mary Ellen Mark works in a more classic tradition of photography. If it might be said that Smith gets inside of the story he is covering and works toward the outside, then Mark approaches from the outside and works toward the center. Mark's approach is direct and forthright, with careful consideration of the space surrounding her subjects.

A respected photojournalist, Mary Ellen Mark did not begin photographing until she was a 22-year-old graduate student at the Annenberg School of Communications in Philadelphia. Her progress was rapid and photography satisfied her inclinations to travel, to look at other peoples and cultures, and to work out the telling of a story through photographs.

During a 1974 interview, Mark stated that she used "Tri-X film all the time," and that black and white film forced the photographer to "get to the essentials more than with color." Since then the magazines that have given her assignments have often demanded color, and she has become more proficient in its use, noting that color lacks the latitude for exposure errors and also that there is a difference in "the understanding of light for color shooting."

If, as photographer Jurgen Schmitt believes, "color is just another word for feelings," then the strength of Mark's compassionate views is enhanced by the use of color. The colors of Falkland Road and its people are bright and beautiful. Without color, a major part of the scenes and people of this notorious street—home to the prostitutes, madams, and transvestites of Bombay—would lose a portion of the message contained within this essay. The barren and oppressive existence of the "cage girls" (prostitutes who stand in caged structures along the street front of the brothels) is depicted as a painted existence. The color of their clothing and makeup, the brightly enameled woodwork, and the bedcovers, all contrast with the oppressive servitude of the lives they live.

Smith's involved approach to photographing Minimata screams out the social horrors and anguish that frustrate those who have become victims. The social problem Mark finds on Falkland Road may be no less destructive in its

continued on page 34

B.B. King Interview

Preachin' The Blues

by Eric Mendelson and J.W. Hart

It is always risky to try to name a single musician as the premier artist in a style (folk, classical, rock, etc.). In blues, however, the name B.B. King stands out from all others. For more than 25 years King has been the most successful blues artist, with more top-selling blues and R&B records than anyone else in the field, and while commercial success does not necessarily imply artistic value, King has also established himself as the artistic leader of the blues tradition by exerting a strong influence on virtually every blues singer and performer to record in the last quarter of a century. His influence is so encompassing that no one has made any significant stylistic change in blues playing since King started to record.

B.B. King (his real name is Riley B. King) was born on a Mississippi plantation about 125 miles south of Memphis in 1925. His parents separated when he was four and he went with his mother to a farm community in the eastern part of the state. When King was nine his mother died and he was left on his own. He continued to stay on the farm where his mother had been employed, and he worked as a farm laborer for about $15 a month. Working long hours as a cotton picker, he walked ten miles a day when possible to attend elementary school (held in the proverbial one-room schoolhouse). King has relied on his intelligence to make up for his poor education: "You learn to use those ABC's to spell many words, then you might become like the doctor, you learn those big words that I don't know about. Or like you as the journalist [in reference to the interviewer] using those great big words and I have problems spelling 'the,' but we still use the same letters of the alphabet to spell what we do—there's 26 of them, I believe," King said in a recent interview.

When he was 14, his father regained custody of him, ending nearly five years of happy independence. It was during this time that King became interested in music. One of his uncles, a minister, occasionally played guitar during the hymns at church. On Sunday afternoons after the services, B.B. would play when he could get access to the guitar. He liked playing enough to invest in his own guitar (for the then-considerable sum of eight dollars).

At first his ambition was to become a gospel player in a quartet. He was eventually introduced to the music of Blind Lemmon Jefferson and Robert Johnson, among others, and subsequently developed a fondness for blues. King began to pick up ideas on technique from popular guitarists traveling through town. One of them, Sonny Boy Williamson, eventually gave him his first break in the business as a player. Like most of the other musicians playing blues during those days (pre-World War II), B.B. started out playing dances on plantations and in halls where there was a lot of gambling.

When the United States entered World War II, King was drafted into the army, and it was during his hitch in the service that he began singing the blues.

Although blues singing evolved from religious music, the community from which King's family came considered blues singing a disreputable art form, and in fact early in his career King would travel to other communities to play because of his family's feelings about the blues. "I think the blues is more respectable now than when I first started, but I still don't play it in the house [his family's home]. They respect me for it—my dad, he won't praise me to my face, he may praise me to you, but just to come out and say to me 'you play well,' he wouldn't do that, never. And I would never play it in the house, *never ever*. They wouldn't be too tickled about that."

B.B King is largely responsible for introducing the blues to white audiences and musicians. There are some who argue that the blues is an art form that cannot be fully understood or played well by whites. Questions of racism and prejudice frequently come up in discussions of the significance of blues and jazz. King feels that "blues music, just like any other type of music, is not prejudiced. It doesn't matter who plays, and anybody who plays it well gets better with it. It has nothing to do with who created it." He began to attract white audiences in the mid '60s and around that time (1968-69) he began to record with such rock and rollers as Leon Russell, Ringo Starr, Peter Green (the original guitarist from Fleetwood Mac) and Gary Wright, who in turn helped to popularize the blues even more among white audiences.

Though the invention of electric guitar gave the blues a new face and lease on life, "I think the blues are dying as we've known it," said King, "because most of the creators of it are dying out and there's not many people coming along to take their place, to carry it on as it was. But there are people—rock, jazz and soul musicians—some are playing blues. They may not call it that, they may call it free jazz or something like that, but I still hear bluesy things in it. That's why I say it's dying as we've known it, but I think blues will be around as long as there's problems on the planet, whether it's love affairs, economic, or social affairs. The day that there is no problems and everybody is lovey dovey, then you will have no more blues. So now can you imagine how long we'll have blues?"

photo by Eric Mendelson

Record Round-Up

by Richard von Busack

I've always been fond of new wave because of all that it couldn't express. Where punk was always the music of rebellion, new wave tried to describe different modes of submission, of living in harmony with the machines instead of fighting against regimentation. Two new records in very different ways deal with this subject. One of them is pretty much the end of a meteoric career—that of Gary Numan, who even at his age (23) is beginning to plagiarize himself—and the other is a debut album by Wall of Voodoo, the premier Los Angeles avant-garde band. Though neither of these records will get any appreciable airplay, they do represent a progressive movement in pop that will in the long run make its mark on the AM band.

Gary Numan—*Dance*

Since Numan has freely admitted to his camp-following in the new wave field—his very obvious influences by Eno, Bowie, Kraftwerk, and Ultravox—it's too easy to dismiss him as a rank imitator. What I like about Gary Numan is what the sailor likes about the mermaid—the familiar part. Numan's single, "Cars," was about the only truly new wave record to make a dent on the AM charts, but it was its familiarity and muted emotion that made it accessible. No one would buy Gary Numan as a man-machine type; his sensitivity and horror show through the stage facade. As imitative as he can be at times (play Bowie's "Aladdin Sane" and Gary Numan's "Telekon" together and listen to one of the most bald-faced adaptations in the history of the medium), Numan's personality and chilling vocals managed to carry his music off. *Telekon* was like a suicide note; the somber, poignant record was the most gloomy piece of vinyl since Joy Division's *Closer*.

Numan's new record is a fine ambient piece but there's not much to listen to in the foreground. There are two nine-minute songs ("Slowcar to China" and "Cry, the Clock Said") and several other cuts that are almost purely instrumental. Though the record is called *Dance*, this must be a joke on Numan's part, because no one could dance to these drugged, quiet rhythms. There's one very good cut meant for the AM audience ("Stories") which I liked because it was far more musical than the rest of the album. But the problem with *Dance* is that so much of it has been done by Numan before; it's like a pastiche of himself. One song is called "You Are, You Are," which was the chorus from the song "Telekon," and the last song on the record, "Moral," is nothing but a bad remake of "Metal," a song from *The Pleasure Principle*, his third album.

Numan has released quite a few albums in quite a short time (*Dance* is his fifth in four years) and he may very well have exhausted himself. It's one thing to pose as a somnambulist; it's quite another when you begin to sound like one.

Wall Of Voodoo—*Dark Continent*

Working with essentially the same equipment as Numan, Wall Of Voodoo has produced a searing, abrasive conceptual record about factory work. Wall Of Voodoo could be called the thinking man's Devo because of their similarity in sound and subject matter. One thing very un-Devolike about WOV is their anger. They are a very angry band that has compressed their rage and their political mesages into a tight, metronomic format. As a result, *Dark Continent* can almost be irritating in its intensity.

Dark Continent opens with an explosive track about an extortion attempt, backed with two synthesizers and a clicking rhythm machine ("Red Light") and moves into a nervous piece about the workday world ("Two Minutes To Lunch"), a tight variation on the Talking Heads song

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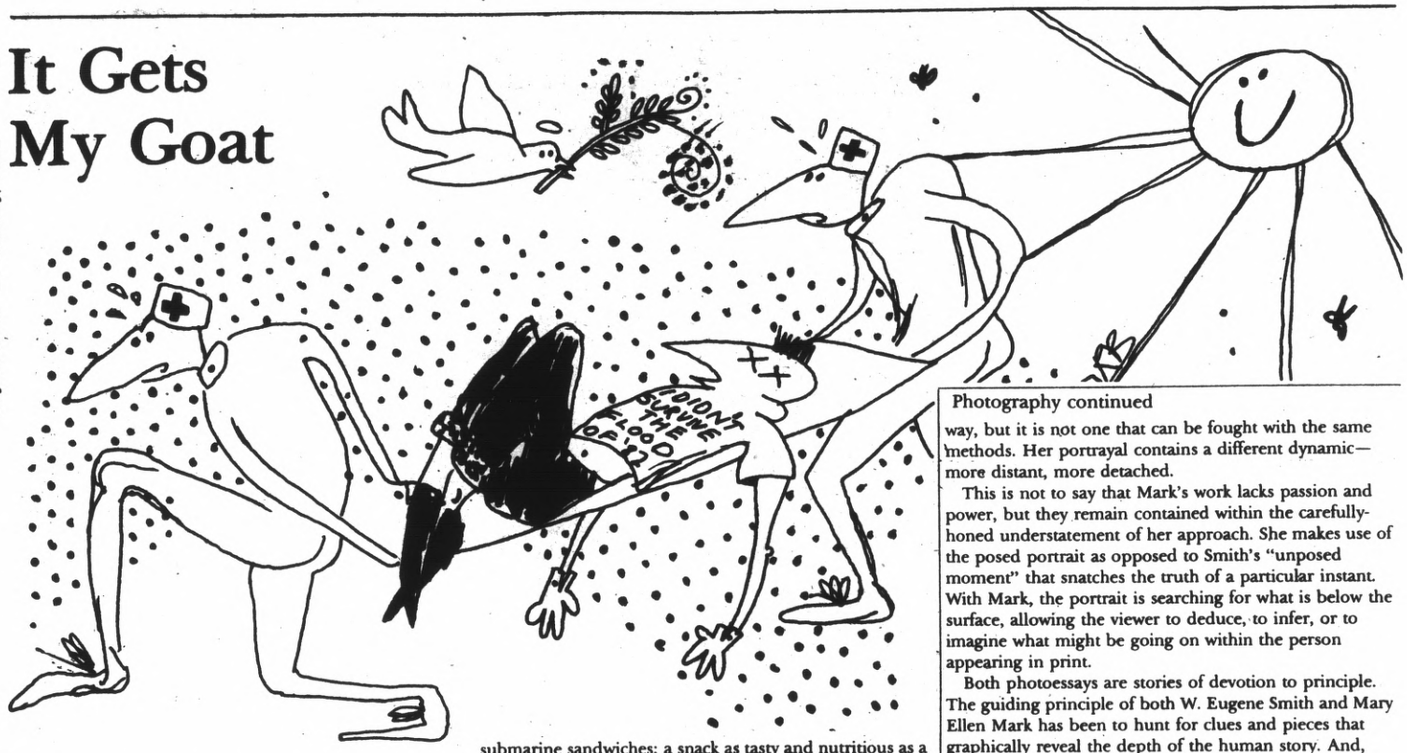
It Gets My Goat



by Regis W. Goatlips

An excerpt from Goat's Story *by Regis W. Goatlips. Vanity Press, 1982.*

"...An aspect of surviving through disaster neglected by the press is cabin fever. Certainly, being stuck in the Andes munching human flesh in the snow is a horror almost beyond human comprehension, yet is it more horrible than the string of Brazilian knock-knock jokes with which the survivors were forced to regale themselves. Having survived one disaster with nothing much worse to show for it than depleted capital and a queasy feeling whenever I saw t-shirts which read "Soggy Survivor," "I survived the big wet one of '82," et cetera, ad nauseum (see my article "Santa Cruz: The Town That Needed A Towel," Reader's Digest, Nov. '82), I left with my own reminiscences of my last flood in the spring of 1979 in Santa Barbara. Perhaps scores didn't perish and bridges failed to collapse in that bleak little burg, but only fifty miles south, the beachside homes of Neil Young and Bob Dylan slid into the ocean—a cultural loss so severe that the dive-bombing of the Louvre would seem paltry by comparison.

"The downpour that black year was as pitiless as it was enervating; watching from my window as the cold rain dripped from the leaves of an already depressing clump of eucalyptus (smelling a pack of cough drops hurls me, *a la* Proust, back in time) was enough to make me wonder if perhaps madness or suicide might be preferable. Yet the drizzle was pennies from heaven compared to the proximity of my three roommates; three more mismatched, pitiable wretches could not be found since the days when Larry, Moe and Shemp Stooges donned their tragic buskins. To each body a head: Faulkner's definition of a family as a dictatorship led by the sickest individual was thusly mirrored in student housing by Jeff, who had been there the longest. An arrogant little toad from upstate New York with a nasty speed habit and an oily, unctuous manner of speaking that made you want to bathe after conversing with him, Jeff had naturally turned towards civic politics as a method of venting his colossal ego.

"Supplementing his personality was Anthony, a jock from the Kepone-ridden slums of Stockton, and Chris, a creepy Father Rasputin-type local, with parents who had disowned him at age five. When I close my eyes, I can see Chris dining—he had a job at a local pizza parlor, and he used to supplement his starvation wages by gnawing the butts of french rolls, which had been sliced off to make submarine sandwiches; a snack as tasty and nutritious as a poker chip. These he washed down with Farmer John sausages and Lowenbrau. He used to chew with an almost bovine concentration, his eyes bulging slightly, unconsciously matching the rhythm of the rain until I almost screamed. Yet his funereal silences were welcome compared to Jeff's constant speed nattering and Anthony's trick of peeling every last scrap of paper from the label of a beer bottle. Month-long weeks passed in this fashion; the rain poured, and phosphorescent mold grew on everything. An atheist at heart, I began to wonder if perhaps I hadn't died and gone to hell. Yet the worst was yet to come.

"Jeff found lodgings which cost almost 20 dollars less than our insect-ridden slum, and moved to them. It was a time of quiet celebration and thanksgiving which lasted about two days until shattered by the Canadian transients. Fans of Bob and Doug MacKenzie on *SCTV* may dismiss them as a humorous stereotype; yet how would you feel if both of the dim-witted brothers showed up on your doorstep with all of their wordly goods? 'Jeff said it was OK if we stayed here, eh?' said the younger. Anthony had been smoking pot all day and was in an expansive mood. 'Sure, come on in!' he said, ignoring the entire range of deaf-mute signals I was giving him behind the Canucks' backs.

"Well, sir, those Canadians stayed for an entire week, cooking regional delicacies out of discarded vegetables they found behind the Sunburst Produce store (run by Christian survivalists, the Sunbursters were none too concerned about how pristine their merchandise was, so imagine what their discards looked like), watching *Scooby Doo* reruns, and explaining the Masonic symbols on the dollar bill to Anthony, who was absolutely spellbound.

"Matters came to an ugly head when I arrived home from the blood bank (I made a meager living selling my plasma) and was panhandled in my own living room by Anthony, who wanted to know if I wanted to put my blood money towards a squash slurry that the Canadians had brewed. I exploded and wound up with my collar in Anthony's ham-sized fist, dangling precariously in the air. The catalyst of this outburst was removed by Jeff's replacement, another Jeff who damned Santa Barbara from hell to breakfast and who had been forcibly redirected from Berkeley. He took the simple measure of taking the transients' baggage and placing it on the doorstep. Pothead that I was, I hadn't thought of this expedient. In hindsight, I wish that he had done the same for me; it would have saved me the experience of the first Jeff's return to do what he called "a little work" on the plumbing...but that, unfortunately, is another story..." ✓

Photography continued

way, but it is not one that can be fought with the same methods. Her portrayal contains a different dynamic—more distant, more detached.

This is not to say that Mark's work lacks passion and power, but they remain contained within the carefully-honed understatement of her approach. She makes use of the posed portrait as opposed to Smith's "unposed moment" that snatches the truth of a particular instant. With Mark, the portrait is searching for what is below the surface, allowing the viewer to deduce, to infer, or to imagine what might be going on within the person appearing in print.

Both photoessays are stories of devotion to principle. The guiding principle of both W. Eugene Smith and Mary Ellen Mark has been to hunt for clues and pieces that graphically reveal the depth of the human story. And, through their styles vary greatly, there is in both a conscientious adherence to their craft of camera reportage. ✓

This exhibit of photoessays will remain at the Sesnon Gallery through February 4. Except on Monday, the gallery is open from 11 am to 5 pm.

"Animals" ("Animal Day"), which is marred by weak lyrics, and a highly commercial piece called "Full Of Tension." Virtually every cut on this album is a winner, but "Me and My Dad" and the closing cut, "Crack The Bell," are the finest. "Me and My Dad" is an ironic, bitter song about father/son relations with monotonic vocals by Stanard Ridgeway and percussive organ tracks ("Follow me, son, I'll show you the right way/He'll fix my car when the engine falls apart/Show me where the piston goes/Can you get this thing to start?") *Dark Continent* is an intelligent, provocative record by the first really experimental group from Los Angeles, and their view of that city is as concise and as thoughtful as that of Raymond Chandler or Joan Didion. ✓

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1965 Karmen Ghia, Rebuilt, $1800, 423-3352.

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STUDY IN EUROPE: The University of Louvain (est. 1425), Leuven, Belgium, offers COMPLETE PROGRAMMES IN PHILOSOPHY FOR THE DEGREES OF B.A., M.A., and Ph.D, PLUS A JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD PROGRAMME. All courses are in English. Tuition is 11,500 Belgium Francs (#$300). Write to Secretary English Programmes, Kardinaal Mercierplein 2 B-3000, Leuven, Belgium.

CAREERS IN PUBLISHING: The director of the Radcliffe program in book and magazine publishing at Howard University will be on campus Wednesday, Feb. 3. A general meeting will be held at 9:00 am in Central Services Bldg., Administrative Conference Room #292-F to discuss career opportunities in publishing. For individual appointments call Diane Matus, 429-4625.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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WOMEN'S COFFEEHOUSE featuring musical performancees by Susan Kauffman, Debra Kaufman, and Friends, Saturday, January 23 at YWCA, 303 Walnut. **New hours:** doors open 8:00 pm, performances begin 8:30 pm. $1.50, donation. For information call 426-3062.

CHINQUAPIN, the campus literature and arts magazine will be accepting submissions of poetry, prose, drama, graphics, and photography until Monday, January 25th. Write your name, campus box, and telephone number on the accompanying cover sheet only. Bring your best to the Campus Activities Office. Thanks.

Students interested in the parapsychological aspects of clinical death are invited to call Rob, 429-8467.

Tutors needed for bilingual students. Education 45 offers five credits. Contact Paco Ramirez, Stevenson, Cowell.

LOST & FOUND

FOUND: **Beige jacket** with gold lining at **Waybacks** dance, 1/15. Describe in detail to claim. Mark, 476-7179.

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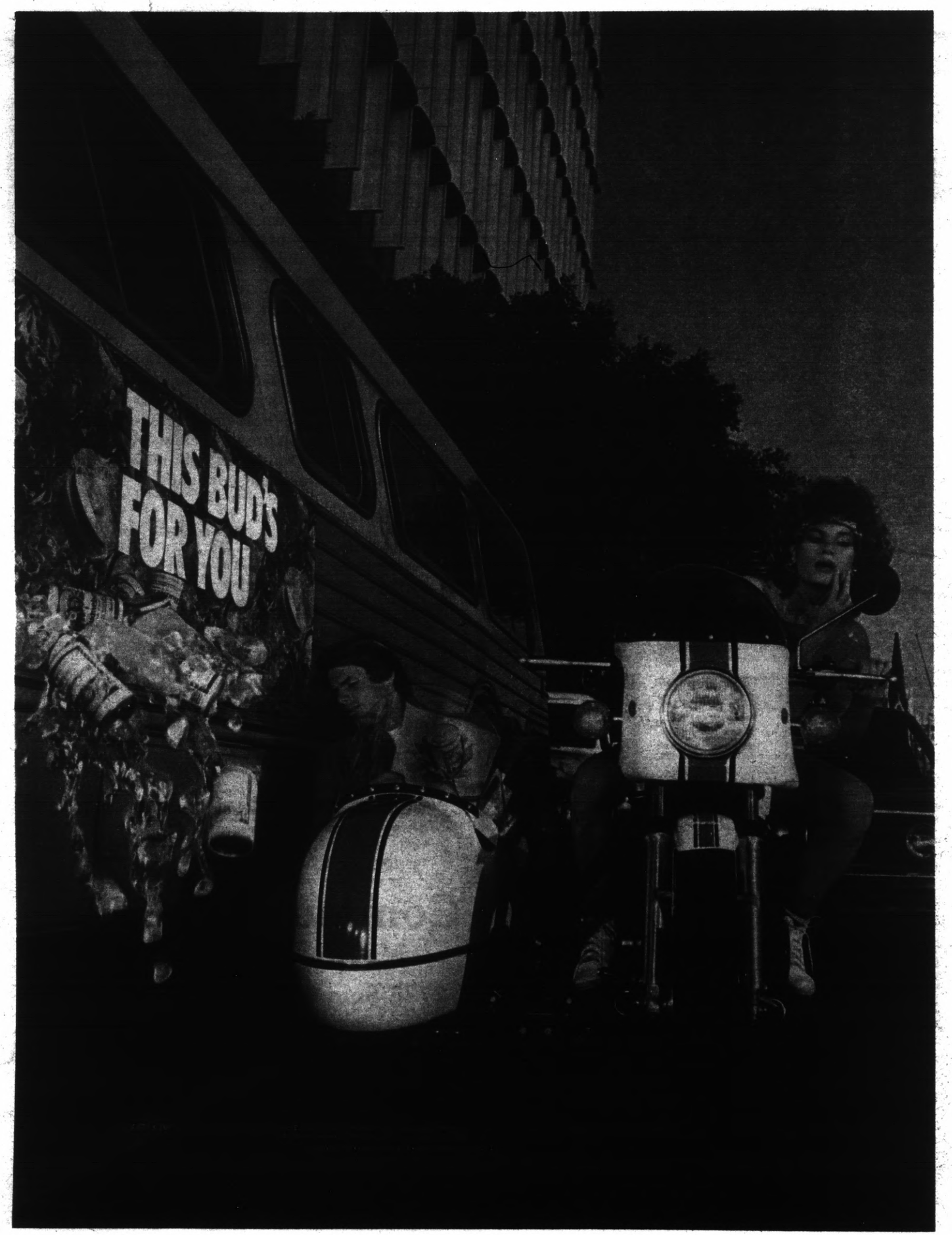
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